THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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REDMOND'S RAZOR.

It Cuts Deeply, at Waterford, into the Delicate Epidermis of Davitt, Dillon and O'Brien.

Flakes of their Hides Sent Flying Through the Air by the Sharp Tongue of "The Boy of Waterford."

Saturday evening, Dec. 17, Mr. John Redmond addressed meetings at the hall of the Federated Trades, at the Workingmen's Temperance Association, and at the Workingmen's Club, Ballytruckle. The secretary of the federated trades states that the meeting held at their hall was entirely informal, and unauthorized by the officers of the federation, as it was arranged that the federation should take no part in the political contest, that it was not attended by more than a sixth of the members of the body, and that a free meeting had been summoned for tomorrow to be addressed by Mr. Davitt.

Tonight Mr. John Redmond addressed a meeting of his supporters from the windows of the National and Literary Club on the Mall. The mayor (Ald. John Manning) presided.

Mr. John Redmond said: Fellow countrymen, the vast meeting of the manhood of the city of Waterford is a fitting answer to the attempt which this day was made to insult the historic city, by endeavoring by means of the bludgeons of a crowd imported from three or four counties to intimidate and overawe the free judgment and the courage of the electors of this constituency (groans). Fellow countrymen, already the victory has alighted upon our banners. Before I came here my opponents met in solemn conclave, and with a flourish of trumpets in their journey through the country they selected as their candidate a man whom they recommended to the electors Waterford on the ground that if he was not a known and tried man in politics, at any rate he was a friend of a revered and esteemed archbishop (groans). For three days they have fought this contest, and we are in the position tonight of having routed out of the field—for actually he appeared to come into it—the man whom they had the supreme insolence to propose as a candidate for the representation of this great city, with all its noble traditions of the past (cheers). Today they have thrown their candidate of last week to the winds, and so serious do they recognize this fight is for them that they have been obliged to substitute for him a man whom they regard as the strongest man upon their side, and we are today informed that poor Mr. Keane is to be left in London and that the candidate of the seceders is to be Mr. Michael Davitt (groans). For my part I rejoice at the change. I am glad that they are going to fight this contest with the man whom they regard as their strongest man. It would scarcely be worth while for the city of Waterford to put forth its full strength in defeating an unknown man, and I say I am glad that Mr. Davitt is to be the candidate, because it will emphasize the significance of the contest, while it will make the victory which we are absolutely certain to win all the more remarkable and all the more fraught with good to the future of our country and our cause. Now, I wish before I go further, to say to you that I heard with feelings of the very regret that a boy—a foolish or a wicked boy—raised his hand today to Mr. Davitt and struck him with a stick. I wish my voice to reach every friend of mine in Waterford, and I wish them to know that I have nothing but words of condemnation and of denunciation of every man, whether he calls himself my friend or not, who raises his hand against Michael Davitt. Thank God the blow which was struck has not inflicted serious injury upon him, and I do hope—and I am sure my words will carry weight with my friends—that for the rest of the contest no violence whatever in any shape or form will be offered to Mr. Michael Davitt. Having said so much I have something to say about the proceedings of the day, not by way of qualification of what I have said of Mr. Davitt, but by way of explanation, and by way of vindication of the people of Waterford from any responsibility of what occurred. Remember I came to this city the other night absolutely alone. I did not seek to bring with me any single man to support me, or to endeavor to intimidate the voters. Mr. Davitt came here last night at 8:30 o'clock, and it was well known in Waterford that he was coming. He came alone, and not only with no injury done him, but no offensive word was spoken to him when he came, as I came, trusting to the honor of the people of Waterford, not trusting to the physical force of men imported with bludgeons into the streets. But today there was an organized crowd—I will tell you how organized—in the districts of Mullinavat and other parts of Kilkenny by Dr. Tanner (groans), organized in the districts of Dungarvan by Mr. Tom Condon, and organized in Carrick and other places, and marched into this town with bludgeons in their hands to menace and, as they succeeded in doing, to break the peace which from the commencement of the contest to that moment had been absolutely unbroken and preserved. Now, when yesterday the news of these special trains, filled with armed assailants of the peace, was conveyed to me and my friends, we spent hours, and some of my friends worked late into the night, doing all that we could to prevent the men of Waterford from resenting by force the insult put upon them (cheers). I am glad to think that on the whole we succeeded, but if to some extent there was disturbance in the city today, I say the responsibility of the crime—for it is nothing short of a crime—rests upon the heads of those men who devised and carried out a scheme which could only have the object of endeavoring to bring discredit upon Waterford by making it appear that scenes of violence would be inaugurated here which would be quoted elsewhere to the detriment of our country and our cause (groans).

Now, two or three words in conclusion. We are told by our opponents that we are standing in the way of union. We deny it (cheers). We say these men who disunited Ireland are the men who, having sworn to stand by their leader, at the orders of an English statesman basely deserted him (hear, hear). And let it never be forgotten that the first voice raised either in England or in Ireland or in any other part of the world against Mr. Parnell in his hour of difficulty and of trial—that that voice was the voice of Mr. Michael Davitt (groans) who actually, in the columns of the *Labor World*, the now defunct *Labor World*, actually gave the lead to all the hypocritical politicians in England, who, afterwards following his lead, joined in the chorus against the great man whom they had so long feared and hated, and whom they then thought there was an opportunity of dragging down from the pinnacle to which he had raised himself and his party and his country (cheers). We are accused of dissension. Do you remember what happened the other day in the neighboring town of Clonmel? There a great meeting of the people was being held to advocate the release from English dungeons of John Daly (cheers), and the political prisoners of Ireland. Irishmen of all political opinions were invited to that platform, and for our part we went to it not caring who we would meet, believing that it was our duty to join with any other Irishmen, no matter what their politics might be, in the sacred cause of amnesty (cheers). But, fellow countrymen, Mr. John Dillon (groans), who is loud in denouncing us for perpetuating disunion in Ireland, wrote to that meeting that he could not, and would not, stand even on an amnesty platform with John Redmond or any of Mr. Parnell's followers (groans). What is the meaning of that? The meaning of it is plain. The meaning is that this man's idea of union is to drive out of public life, as they drove Mr. Parnell out of public life, every man who is opposed to their truckling to English influences—to drive them out of public life, mindful of the fact that many of them have as long and as honorable a political record as Mr. Dillon has himself (cheers). For my part I am convinced that the people of this great city, the intelligent and patriotic people of this city, will see through their flimsy device, and will declare by their overwhelming voice, that the union which they want to see is the union of a poll determined to be represented by the Irish party, independent of English political leaders (cheers), an Irish party which will not be content to do what Mr. Davitt recommended in his speech at Bandon, when he said that he was prepared to accept from Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party any measure of Home Rule which they might be pleased to offer to Ireland. You here have got traditions (cheers) You here have great and historic memories (cheers). There never was a time when the Nationalist manhood of Waterford was not solid and determined on the side of a full measure of a nation's rights (cheers). There never was a time when Nationalists of Waterford were more determined to be represented only by the man who was an enemy alike of Whig and of Tory, of Radical and of every English party who did not concede a few measures of these two rights than the present. For seventeen long years you were honored by being represented by one of the bravest and most chivalrous Irishman who ever lived—Richard Power (cheers), and these men who have come here to your city, and who were obliged to recognize the love and veneration and confidence in which Waterford held Richard Power, these men today pretend to believe that you will send into parliament in his place a man who, in his own words, is prepared to accept for Ireland anything that Mr. Gladstone is willing to give (cheers). Poor Richard Power would turn in his grave with horror if he could know that the people of Waterford had given such an insult to his memory, had given such a lie to all their past history and their past traditions (cheers). You will teach these men the lesson not merely that you will win the election, but you will give heart and hope to every independent Irishman in every part of the world by returning the Parnellite candidate (cheers) by such an overwhelming majority as will teach these men, who came here to intimidate you today, that Waterford is still true to herself and true to her country (prolonged applause)."

Mr. E. Leamy, M. P., and Mr. Dalton, M. P., also addressed the meeting.

The proceedings concluded about half past ten. The town was quiet during the night.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edward M. Lahiff, of Chicago, has accepted a position on the New York *World*. Mr. Lahiff was formerly on the Chicago *Herald*, and is well known in Irish-American circles.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Prelates of the Church in Far Off India and Strange Japan.

Receptions at the Vatican—The Scots' College and Other Matters of Interest.

FROM ROME.

THE ARCHBISHOPRIC OF BOMBAY.

The Holy Father has been pleased to name as Archbishop of Bombay the Rev. Father Dhaloff, S.J., Administer Apostolic.

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY IN JAPAN.

As we have already informed our readers, the Catholic Hierarchy is now definitly established in Japan. By Apostolic Brief, His Holiness has named Monsignore Peter Osouf, Archbishop of Japan, with residence at Tokio. Besides the Metropolitan, Leo XIII. has also created three Suffragans, viz, Monsignore Julius Alphonsus Cousin, Bishop of Nagasaki; Monsignore Felix Midon, Bishop of Osaka; Monsignore Alexander Berlioz, Bishop of Hakodadi.

CARDINAL VANUTELLI.

On Wednesday last the late Papal Nuncio at Madrid, Cardinal Vanutelli, took possession of his titular church, St. Silvestro, in Capite. He was received at the door by the rector, Rev. Father Whitmee assisted by Reverend Fathers O'Connor and Dent. After reading and signing the Papal Bull, his eminence inspected the now really beautiful church, which he admired exceedingly.

THE POPE'S MAJOR DOMO.

The administrative committee of the Apostolic Palace are engaged in compiling the *compte rendu* which Monsignore Ruffo-Scilla is to make before quitting his post as major-domo to the Pope. It is said that Cardinal Ruffo-Scilla will continue to direct the Vatican household until the Holy Father names a new Titulary. There will be no *interim*.

ADVENT SERMONS.

The Reverend Father Loretto, Apostolic preacher, commenced the Advent Sermons before the Pope and Pontifical Court on Monday last.

VATICAN RECEPTIONS.

During the week the Holy Father, who is in excellent health, received in private audience a number of Italian prelates, and also the Right Rev. Dr. Browne rigg, Bishop of Ossory, and Mgr. Racine, Bishop of Sherbrook, in Canada.

THE SCOTS' COLLEGE AT ROME.

The Scots' College is one of the English-speaking ecclesiastical establishments in Rome of which the Catholics of the United Kingdom have every reason to be proud. Situated in one of the most central and healthy quarters of the city—Via Quattro Fontane—it is a vast and well divided building, full of sunshine and zealous students. But that which is most appreciated by all is the truly sacerdotal atmosphere which reigns in the college. Mgr. Campbell, the rector, watches over his students with the most paternal care and solicitude for their physical as well as spiritual welfare. The church of the Scots' College was built in 1645 under the rectorship of Father William Christie, by the Marchioness of Huntly, and is dedicated to St. Andrew. It is all that remains unrestored in the rebuilding of the college completed in 1869, when the funds at the disposal of the college were inadequate to undertake the work of the church. The front of the latter remains as it was, with the addition of a temporary plain wall rising twenty feet above the tympanum. This should be harmonized with the college facade, and the sanctuary enlarged to accommodate the increasing number of students, and permit the sacred functions to be carried out with greater solemnity. The tercentenary of the college comes in 1900. Is it too much to hope that at all events by that date Scotland may possess in Rome "a national church worthy of its recovered place in the Catholic hierarchy." Do the Catholics of Scotland forget that St. Peter's itself has honored one of theirs by a grand monument, and that ere long the country which once called beautiful Mary, "Queen o' Scots," may count yet another honor from the Vatican? But, alas! in Scotland's national church in Rome, "The Holy Fathers two and two, in long procession, cannot come" * * * for want of space. Will Scotland's sons allow it to be said in reproach that their national college is a grand bran new house, whereas the House of God is a shabby and miserably "wee, wee thing," while England and Ireland have generously subscribed to erect national monuments in the seat of Christianity worthy of their countries? Like the old Scottish soldiers we say, "Now largesse, largesse!"

CONTINENTAL NEWS.

THE BISHOP OF ANNECY AGAIN.

Mgr. Isoard, Bishop of Annecy, insists upon not being misunderstood. To show the world that his religious politics have not changed since this time last year, when he adhered publicly to the toast from Algiers, he has just addressed the Catholic youth of his diocese in a document which bears somewhat a political character. In it he reiterates his previously expressed opinion that the "French Monarchy is dead"—an expression which has proved exceedingly objectionable to monarchist susceptibilities—and Catholicism and the monarchy being no longer to be regarded as a common cause, he again invites French Catholics to adhere to the Republic as the only *regime* possible in France for the future. All this is logical and consistent on the part of the Bishop of Annecy, only the public were not quite prepared for the manifesto since his very recent letter to the Minister of Worship, written with the evident intention of placing himself with respect to the government in exactly the same position as the offending Archbishop of Aix. In truth the position of French Bishops is more than difficult just now, indeed so difficult that were a St. Ambrose to come among them he might find all his work cut out in order to steer clear of pitfalls.

M BOURGEOIS ON LAY EDUCATION.

M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction, speaking at a meeting of the Society of Republican Youth held a few days ago at the Sorbonne, showed the cloven foot of his party when he said: "The battle of secularization is not yet fought out, and in order to continue the contest we have more than ever need of will and courage. It is more necessary than ever to insist upon the fact that all true teaching must be lay teaching, that is, freed from the trammels of religion. In the name of the rights of parents and of municipalities, a movement is at work trying to lead us in an opposite direction. To enter into that movement would not only ruin State teaching but the Republic itself." "To say," says M. Cornely in the *Gaulois*, "that respect for the rights of parents in the matter of education would lead to the ruin of state teaching, and even of the Republic, is one of the severest charges that could be brought against the Republic."

AN APPEAL FOR THE JEWS OF RUSSIA.

M. Zadoc Kahn, chief rabbi of the Jewish Consistory of France, has appealed to his co religionists in this country in behalf of the persecuted Jews of Russia. "You," he says, "whose labors have been blessed by God, and who have the happiness of living in a country which is alike good to all her children, have pity on those of your race elsewhere who have been despoiled and are wanting bread." After alluding to the generosity of America towards the victims of the Russian persecutions, the rabbi continues: "But that is not sufficient. It needs the collective efforts of the entire Hebrew race to stem the tide of suffering that threatens to overwhelm the Jewish population of Russia."

THE LATE DOM PEDRO.

More than three thousand persons visited the remains of the ex-Emperor of Brazil in the Rectory chamber of his residence, the Hotel Bedford. The sight presented by the *chapelle ardente* was particularly impressive. Amid a profusion of floral wreaths and crosses the priests belonging to the clergy of the Madeleine knelt beside the coffin. Dom Pedro looked beautiful in death, with a crucifix in his clasped hands, and a singular expression of repose on his fine kingly countenance. His remains were conveyed to the Madeleine, followed by members of the Imperial family on foot, including his daughter and son in law, the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu. The funeral service at the Madeleine was of the most imposing character, the church decorations and catafalque being such as pertains to royal funerals. The coffin was borne into the church wrapped in a Brazilian flag. Representatives of the government had their places in the choir beside members of the Imperial family. The absolution was given by the Archbishop of Paris.

A GENEROUS TESTATOR.

M. Justean Duvigneaux, of Tours, lately deceased, bequeathes 250,000 francs for the foundation of an orphanage at Tours, to be served by Religious of the Presentation; 20,000 to the Archbishop of Tours for his seminaries; 80,000 to the Catholic University of Angers, and 100,000 to the French Academy for the foundation of prizes.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

A Very Common Want.

"Out of sorts," "distrait," "the blues," these are familiar appellatives for uncomfortable, undefinable sensations, accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion. Poverty of the blood, to remedy which an effective stomachic persistently used is the paramount need, is conclusive evidence that the system is insufficiently nourished because—and for no other cause where organic disease does not exist—the food is not assimilated. Reinforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthful secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over thirty years this popular medicine has supplied the common want of the nervous invalid, the dyspeptic and of persons deficient in vitality, an efficient tonic. To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and la grippe. Thoroughly effective is it too for rheumatism, kidney complaint and neuralgia.

Havlin's Theatre.

It is with no small degree of pleasure that Mr. Havlin heralds the coming to his pretty theatre during the week of Jan. 3, of that strong and sterling melodrama, "The Still Alarm." This is the play in which a genuine fire engine was originally introduced, and it is the best piece of its kind before the public. The famous fire engine house scene has been greatly improved this season, and the company is one of superior merit.

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

TOO MUCH HAIR.

That is What is the Matter With a Musical Genius, M. Paderewski, in New York.

Too Much Dosing With Drugs a Curse to the Human Family—So Also is Too Much of Anything.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Human beings have been so soaked in drugs for centuries that, as the mental scientists say, the belief in their efficacy has come to be "a race thought." As soon as one is attacked by a pain or feeling of weakness or illness, his steps are immediately turned in the direction of whichever bottle is thought to contain the panacea for his especial trouble. That in nine cases out of ten the dose produces no beneficial result, does not seem to count in the majority of cases and makes no difference in the future conduct of the individual. We are told that experience is the best school master, but the belief in the efficacy of medicine has become so solidly imbedded in the constitution of the race, that even the development from experience is exceedingly slow. Let us take the persons, for instance, who are inclined to pulmonary troubles. In most instances we shall find narrow chests, stooping shoulders, and a general air of debility. Now, is it possible to broaden these chests, oxydenize these lungs, and straighten these shoulders by any drug, however potent, that has been, or will be brought to the attention of the world? Even the most benighted and the most ignorant physiologically, see the absurdity of this idea when it is brought to their attention, and yet so wedded are they to these drugs that the argument has scarcely a chance to grow cool before they have returned to their bottles. Certain remedies in certain instances are invaluable, but no medicine ever yet developed the breathing power, and this is exactly what must be done in the cases above mentioned. Good, well cooked, nourishing, assimilative food, proper air to breathe, and the ability to utilize it, will prevent pulmonary diseases and cure them after they are formed; and I wish to state here that while there are medical aids to these cures, the foundation principle is exactly as I have indicated, and the physician who tells a patient to rely upon drugs alone for the cure of pulmonary disease is a man either without conscience or common sense, and the one is as dangerous as the other. The amount of inertia to be overcome with consumptive patients is one great reason for their adherence to drugs. They feel too weak and tired to take even the simplest exercises with regularity, and to see that their shoulders are in place and that the breath of life permeates every internal organ, so to speak, seems more than they are physically or mentally able to attend to. But this is exactly what must be done. If they yield to this inertia the lungs keep on contracting and hardening, or whatever the tendency may be to do, and all because the breath of life is too feeble and too diseased to have any purifying or stimulating power. I wish I could make my discouraged readers understand that it is all a matter of this breath of life. Take a fire for instance; even a fire must breathe or it will go out. When it is important to have a room at a certain temperature we are obliged to take great pains in keeping it free as we all call it, in other words, in making it possible for the fire to freely breathe the breath of life. When it is choked up by ashes and cinders we can no more have a satisfactory fire than we can have good health when the lungs are loaded with refuse material.

This talk is inspired by an accumulation of correspondence on this subject. A few writers unanimably declare that air and physical exercise and food are of no special service to them, and they ask for some new drug, or some patent medicine that will meet their cases. Oh, the pity of it. There are many others who have sent me postal cards saying they were too poor to pay 10 cents for my booklet, "The Woman's Way to Health and Beauty," which contains Miss Caroline B. LeRow's chapter on physical exercise for the prevention and cure of pulmonary diseases. In every case I have forwarded the booklet. I will agree to continue doing so to those who cannot afford so small a price. I am glad to do this, and I know I need not ask those who can afford to pay not to misrepresent themselves in this regard. When I told a man of my acquaintance that I intended making this offer, he said without the slightest preface or introduction, "You are too silly to live another minute. Why you are just offering a premium for dishonesty. Do you suppose that anybody will pay 10 cents for a thing that they can get for nothing?"

And I said unto this man: "Get thee behind me, S—ir. There isn't a man or woman in this country who knows me would cheat me out of a single penny."

And this is my attitude toward all my friends far and near. I have always endeavored to help them, and not one would wish to put me to unnecessary expense or trouble. Still, if there should be those who are willing to sell their immortal souls for so small a price, here is an opportunity.

New York seems to grow more enthusiastic musically every year. Although true lovers of that art are crying in vain for German opera they cannot fail to be happy while listening to the substituted season of French and Italian opera imminent at the Metropolitan. Then, too, we are having a golden opportunity to compare the relative merits of the three greatest orchestral conductors in America, Mr. M. Nidisch, who brings the Boston Symphony orchestra over frequently, Mr. Seidl, who has recently assumed the position of the Philharmonic conductor, and Mr. Walter Damrosch, who leads a fine body of musicians to weekly orchestral success.

Among our musical blessings we count at the head of the list a young tenor, capable of singing oratorio in a truly sacred manner, devoid of operatic effects and explosives, so to speak. His voice is resonant, carrying, and of a truly religious quality, although his repertoire is by no means limited to sacred music, for he can sing a love song in a way to touch the heart of even the New York tailor-made girl, who immediately thinks about improving her own vocal opportunities under his instruction.

Although this gentleman's concert engagements keep his time well occupied, he is beginning to teach other people how to sing, instead of screech, after the too common manner of both amateurs and professionals. Another interesting feature about Mr. William Lavin—for that is his name—is his recent marriage to the Vermont nightingale, Miss Mary Howe. It was their intention to be married in the spring, but when he went out to Cleveland about ten days ago to visit her, they decided to verify the numerous descriptions of their wedding going the rounds of the press. Quietly, and with but few witnesses, they were married, then wedding-journeyed to Mrs. Lavin's home in Brattleboro, Vt., where they spent a honeymoon of three days with her mother before separating to fill concert engagements at diffent ends of the country.

The Polish pianist and composer, Paderewski, is fairly bringing his audiences to their feet with enthusiasm over his poetical interpretation of the classic compositions. He has a slight figure topped with a delicate, sensitive face, refined almost to effeminacy, but behind that face is a brain teeming with masterful musical conceptions. His curly, blonde hair is arranged a la bush heap, and I heard a fashionable woman who attended the concert to be "in the swim," say to a friend, "Isn't he adorable? But I'd enjoy it so much more if he would only cut his hair."

ELEANOR KIRK.

"READING FOR 'THE BAW.'"

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

Air—"Walking in the Zoo."

I am a very smart young man, intended for the Law,
And so I've come to Dublin town and entered for "the Baw,"
My parents have retired from trade, they lived in Mullingaw,
And proud they are of their dear boy that's "going to the Baw."
Reading for the Baw,
Studying for the Baw,
The neatest game in Dublin now is "reading for the Baw."

When first I came to Dublin town I looked a little raw,
But now I've grown a perfect swell, without a fault or flaw,
I sport each day through Grafton street my eye-glass and cigaw,
And look as proud as one should do that's "going to the Baw."
Reading for the Baw,
Feeding for the Baw,
The primest boys in Dublin now are "reading for the Baw."

The Medicos would fain attempt to match our style, but, pshaw!
For all their paltry rivalry we do not care a straw;
They stick their tailors as we do, but yet who ever saw
A sawbones fit to march with one that's "going to the Baw?"
Reading for the Baw,
Studying for the Baw,
The sweetest joke in Dublin now is "reading for the Baw."

Upon my worthy governor, when short of cash, I draw,
He tells me often the amount quite fills his mind with awe,
But then I set his mind at rest by writing "Dear Papaw,
You don't know what a costly thing is reading for the Baw;"
Reading for the Baw,
Studying for the Baw,
Oh, yes; a most expensive thing is "reading for the Baw."

I've eaten half my dinners* now, so I'm well up in law,
And of the judges and the courts I chatter like a daw;
There's little labor for the brain, but somewhat for the jaw,
In that most jolly style of thing called "reading for the Baw."
Feeding for the Baw,
Studying for the Baw,
The primest humbug that I know is "reading for the Baw."

* It is customary for law students in Great Britain and Ireland to eat a certain number of dinners with the judges on circuit before graduation.

We regret to observe in this week's obituary the death of Mr. Nicholas John Halpin, who was for many years connected with the customs, Dublin. He was greatly esteemed as an able and courteous official by all those with whom he was brought in contact. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Nicholas John Halpin, for many years editor of the Dublin *Evening Mail*, and brother of the late Charles Graham Halpin (Miles O'Reilly). In his private life Mr. Halpin had made a host of friends.—*Dublin Freeman Dec 2*

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XX.—[Continued.]

But the sensational report was false. O'Donnell was not dead. The young man had mounted his horse and placed himself at the head of his men, when a drunken fellow refused to march. Incensed at this breach of discipline at such a moment, O'Donnell struck the mutineer on the head with the butt of a pistol, upon which the fellow grappled with him and pulled him from his saddle, but was immediately put *hors de combat* by a second stroke, which made the blood spurt, and O'Donnell arose uninjured save from a slight wound in the back of his head. He had the mutineer placed in the guardroom, and, remounting his horse, rode away at the head of the detachment, three hundred in number.

Almost immediately afterwards, Capt. Ponson, who had been reconnoitring with a party towards Ballina, arrived with the news that the English were within four miles of Killala. Having delivered himself of this piece of information, this peculiar Republican product strolled about coolly and unconcernedly, whistling and singing, as though nothing abnormal were pending, laying, as if in sarcasm, special stress on some of the songs composed at Brest during the preparations for Hoche's expedition. His Navarrese accent rang out:

Francais, sur des rives lointaines
Portons encore la liberté;
Des Irlandais brisons les chaines;
Fendons l'ocean agité!

The night, dark, rainy and dreary, and fraught with sickening anxiety and sad apprehension, "limped painfully away." midnight brought tidings of the reconnaissance. O'Donnell's party marching towards Crossmolina, which was occupied by the British, had halted about midway, at Rappe Castle, the young master of which supplied them with refreshments, and here O'Donnell's overstrained health and energy broke down; he was seized with sudden illness and was glad to accept a bed.

Meanwhile his cousin, young Maguire, who had ridden on in front with two horsemen as an advance-guard, came suddenly upon a picquet of sixteen dragoons sent out by Gen. Trench. At this picquet the three insurgent cavaliers rode full tilt, firing their pistols and uttering shouts of defiance; and the dragoons, fearing in the darkness the onset of a large host of enemies, turned and fled without drawing rein, their daring pursuers following them into the very town, which immediately resounded with the roll of the English drums beating to arms. Returning unsheathed to the main body, Maguire told them the situation, when, knowing further resistance to be useless, they dispersed, some returning to Killala, some to their own homes.

At length through the gloomy clouds broke the light of the Sabbath morning, which was ushered in with a heavy fall of rain.

The insurgents were early astir in their camp, and soon came signs that their enemies were astir also and advancing in earnest upon their prey. A stream of fugitives commenced to arrive from Ballina—fugitives whose weakness and helplessness might well have averted from them the wrath of men calling themselves soldiers—a piteous procession of affrighted women and children, pale and panting mothers, hurriedly dragging along their fatigued and faltering little ones, and all making for the castle or some other supposed place of shelter in the menaced town. On and on they came, crying, panting, falling over one another in their frantic haste, on in what seemed interminable procession. The whole feebler population of Ballina and the district appeared to be flying on wings of fear before the dreaded "army." It was as a stampede of scared animals before the rushing advance of the prairie fire.

The bishop and his guests were at breakfast when Capt. O'Keane and True entered and announced the English capture of Ballina; and Dr. Stock winced with disgust as Col Charost accorded the last named officer the usual fraternal kiss on both cheeks, for the bishop detested the jolly True, whom he regarded as possessing "a front of brass, an incessant, fraudulent smile, manners altogether vulgar, and in dress and person a neglect of cleanliness even beyond the affected negligence of Republicans."

Poor True smiled and bowed to "Monsieur l'Eveque," and told what the latter, nauseated at the smacks of Republican salutatory, set down as a cock and bull story about a certain epaulette, which the Frenchman exhibited, stating he had torn it from the shoulder of an English officer who tried to make him prisoner.

"Likely story, indeed!" mentally commented the bishop; "the epaulette is an old volunteer one, probably taken from Col. King's wardrobe."

Ferdinand O'Donnell, roused from his sick couch at Rappa, arrived with thirty men, remains of his reconnoitring party of the previous night.

"About ten this morning," he said, "Trench and Portarlington united their forces at Ballina. We are to be attacked on both sides; while Trench is advancing against us with his main army, the Kerry militia and some cavalry corps are marching around to take us in the rear.

"We shall make our arrangements accordingly," said Barrett, and he hurried away. The hour of peril drew nigher. O'Donnell briefly consulted the bishop and Fortescue as to the best course to pursue. Defeat was inevitable, but it was his duty to stand by the people to the last, and he would do so; otherwise he would be acting dishonorably, and even if, deserting them, he escaped into his native Erris, their vengeance would ultimately pursue him thither. He thought he might reasonably expect pardon for the share he had taken in preserving peace and preventing outrage.

"I am not afraid to die," he added, "but I would save my life with honor if I could."

All the advice they could give him was scant—to wait till he saw the battle turn and his men in retreat, which they assured him would not be long, and then to endeavor to escape to his native place.

And so, while the castle windows were being barricaded with bedding, and the loyalist inmates looked out for the final defeat and dispersal of the rebels, O'Donnell mounted a spirited mare of his and joined his brother officers in preparing their men for the combat. He and Barrett, Major Bellow and Richard Bourke—a good master of drill—went actively to work, and while one party of insurgents was detached to oppose the enemy advancing on the town from the west, the main body was marched out of camp and led some distance south of the town, where they formed line across the road at a place called the Saltpans, taking cover behind some stone walls, whence they might fire with advantage on the advancing enemy.

In the town all was confusion, about the only cool persons visible being the French officers, who, conspicuous in their blue uniforms, sat on horseback in front of the castle—Charost, Ponson and True, with Boudet, a tall, grave, cantankerous native of Normandy, who had come some days previously from Newport, after the recapture of that place by the English. People, panic stricken, ran excitedly to and fro. Many, the more fortunate, rushed away into the country ere yet the English cordon of destruction was complete; others, wretchedly infatuated, came flocking into town and into the very teeth of death in the heat of the engagement; a number attended mass, which was being celebrated in Major Bellew's lodgings, the house of a Protestant merchant named Owen Morrison, by Father Manus Sweeney, a learned, pious and patriotic priest who had accompanied Capt. Boudet on his retreat from Newport.

Safety was not to be found anywhere—not even in the castle.

"Stand aside till I do for that tall fellow," cried an insurgent in the grove adjoining the castle, and he discharged his carbine at Fortescue, who was gazing from a seaward window. The pane was riddled, and Lord Clermont's heir narrowly escaped with two slugs in his forehead.

Shortly before noon the sky cleared and the sun shone brightly over the unhappy country, flooding with light the landscape which expanded before the insurgents who stood in rude line of battle at the Saltpans. In the distance to the left arose, on the Moy bank, the lofty bell tower of the monastery of Moyne; to the right, in a low, marshy valley, lay the ruin of the Barrett's old castle of Moelick on the Lough, with beyond it the lofty heights where St. Patrick vanquished the Hy-Fiachrian Druids, ere he built his church of Croaghpatrick near the base. In the far distance the dome of Nephin soared in blue serenity. It was a calm, pastoral scene, tranquil and tranquillising, and made in part sacred and solemn by venerable traditions pointing to the footsteps of saint and sage. Sad that it should be swept and blood besprint by the war cloud now crowding [illegible].

Right in front ran the road by which the British were advancing, and very soon Col. Patrick Barrett, from the advantageous point he occupied, could discern the glitter of bayonets and sheen of scarlet coats. On came the enemy's column, throwing out a fan of skirmishers as it advanced, and very soon spreading into formidable attacking array— the Down shire and Queens county militia regiments, the Armagh militia (who had advanced from Foxford), the Fraser Highlanders (from Newport), the Prince of Wales' fencibles, and some corps of Sligo yeomanry. As cavalry there came onward the Roxburg Light Dragoons, under Lieut.-Col. Elliott, and a host of mounted yeomen, including Barrett's old runaway corps, the Tyrawly cavalry.

The Highlanders, three hundred strong, were in front. Advancing in skirmishing order, closely supported by the Downshire and Queens county militia, they filed away right and left with the intention of outflanking the insurgents.

Now arose the roll and rattle of musketry as sheets of fire from the scarlet ranks were resounded to by rapid jets from along the stone walls, over which appeared the determined faces of the town's defenders.

Simultaneously, like echoes in the distance, came the volleys announcing that the insurgents guarding the other side of the town were being attacked by the second British force, consisting of the Kerry militia, a squadron of the 24th dragoons, and Wynne's mounted yeomen.

Cavalry stood ready, sabres drawn and reins gathered up, to burst at any moment into pursuit. Five pieces of artillery came clattering forward to belch destruction upon the defenders. A most formidable armament all round to bring against a reduced and semi-disciplined crowd, such as the insurgents now were, and one which presaged merciless slaughter and extermination.

The insurgent fire was bad; their bullets mostly flew over the heads of their opponents.

"This is that selfish traitor Charost's fault," cried an insurgent fiercely; "he refused us powder for practice, pretending we only wanted it for shooting ravens, and here's the result. Better have practiced on ravens than not be able now to knock over a redcoat!"

Despite the unequal odds the insurgents maintained a desperate stand for twenty minutes. Then, when on their right the Highlanders had traversed a marshy piece of ground and outflanked them, they began to fly into the town.

Barrett, O'Donnell and others were making strenuous efforts to rally them, when the roadway resounded with the thunder of hoofs, and the Roxburg cavalry came charging onward, fiercely slashing right and left, and entering the streets of Killala pell mell with the fugitives.

Parrying the sledge hammer stroke of a savage Scot, Barret caught sight of the stout Mulhern—he who had successfully resisted Charost's proposal to distribute arms to the loyalists; the gallant fellow was defending himself like a lion against the joint attack of three or four troopers, and only ceased resisting when he fell lifeless, his skull cloven by their sabres.

The Highlanders and militia entered the town after the cavalry and ruthlessly shot down every human being that appeared in the streets. Some ruffians spared neither age nor sex. One of the bishop's laborers rushed forth to bring in his wife, who was running panic stricken about the street; he had got her by the hand and was running toward the castle when a volley crashed and both fell—he dead, she mortally wounded.

"Hurrah! God save the king! Down with the rebels! Come on, by brave boys!" cried the lusty voice of a stout old loyalist named Andrew Kirkwood, who appeared at a window enthusiastically waving a handkerchief as the military poured into the town.

"A fat old rebel—likely a priest!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, supposed to have been a croppy at heart, and with a ball he ended the existence of the old loyalist—from whose pocket, as his corpse was being subsequently carried through a passage to the kitchen, a purse of guineas mysteriously disappeared.

An appalling uproar, the shrieks and cries of terrified women and children rang from nearly every house, as the furious soldiers burst in in quest of insurgents. Many of the latter died hard. The classical teacher, Tom O'Kearney, deliberately took post at the window of a house commanding the market street and shot down nine of the military ere he could be reached. Thirteen of them fell before the fire of another determined man, named McDermott.

Killala was all one fearful scene of tumult and massacre. The streets were strewn with dead bodies and red and slippery with pools of gore. In all directions sounded the crash and patter of musketry, which, with the noise of breaking doors and smashing glass, screams of agony and terror, and hoarse military commands, made a bewildering chaos. The smoke of the firing hung thickly in the air, and through it rapidly came flashing the bristling succession of bayonets as the long columns of troops streamed into the town. Some thatched cabins near the castle burst into flames.

"Death to the rebels! Croppies lie down! No quarter!"

The fury of both the yeos and regulars was ungovernable; they seemed thirsting for blood. The French officers had retired within the castle. Col. Charost was proceeding to the gate to surrender his sword to some English officer, when a Fraser Highlander seized and wrested the weapon from his hand. Returning for another sword the colonel delivered it to an officer, and was about re-entering the hall when, on sight of the French uniform, another Frazer—probably a brother or other relative of the Highlanders killed at Castlebar—rushed inside the gate, despite the English sentry that had just been placed there, and fired, the ball passing under Charost's arm, piercing a thick door entirely through and lodging in the jamb. An officer apologized to Charost. Soon afterwards Gen. Trench in person arrived on the scene. Proceeding upstairs in the castle he received and returned the swords of the four Frenchmen and Capt. O'Keane, notwithstanding some objections raised with regard to the latter, whose claim of being a neutralized Frenchman was treated by some of the yeomen officers, now exulting and eager for revenge, with affected contempt.

"You are a native of this district as a British subject," they exclaimed, vindictively, "and as such you shall be promptly dealt with by a court martial."

Eventually O'Keane and the French officers were allowed to be kept together, and with them two other Frenchmen, an artilleryman and a little French servant of O'Keane's.

Lord Portarlington, commander of the British force that had marched from Sligo, halted for a few moments to make inquiry at the castle.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed, with clasped hands, on learning that the bishop was safe, and then hurried off to see that his men performed execution on the "rebels." His lordship, by the way, died the same year, it said from over exertion in suppressing the insurrection.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre went redly on throughout the town. Riding through the streets to rally his men Ferdinand O'Donnell had his mare shot under him. The insurgents were now retreating in disorder under the fire of the enemy; further resistance was mere suicide. Leaping to his feet, the young leader managed to gain the fields on the Northern side of the town, but, encumbered by riding boots and a long French overcoat, he was unable to make good progress; a bullet struck him, and he fell mortally wounded. His slayer, a Fraser, said his last words were:

"I am Ferdy O'Donnell. Go tell the bishop I am shot."

The young insurgent's body, stripped naked, lay three days in the potato ridge where he fell; then at Dr. Stock's instance it was interred in the churchyard.

Some of the local loyalists displayed much humanity; others the reverse. The old principal of the Protestant diocesan school, John Argent, stood at the door of his dwelling—a long thatched house beside the road from the main street to the Acres—and beckoned trembling fugitives to enter. He saved many lives in this way. Another Protestant, Arthur Wallace, a witty and spirited young man, went where the insurgents were being hemmed in, and rescued an imperilled youth. Seeing this, a woman implored him to rescue her son, and he departed on his second mission of mercy; but ere his return he whom he had just rescued was shot dead by a local loyalist named Cooper.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Holy Father's Episcopal Jubilee is beginning to seriously occupy those who are devoted to the venerable Pontiff. The Pope views these preparations with those mixed sentiments met with in aged persons; a desire not to pain his devoted servitors, and, at the same time, the ever-present remembrance of his 82 years. On Thursday, Nov. 26, his Holiness gave audience to the executive committee for Rome. Mgr. Badini-Tedeschi, president of the commission, explained the organization of the work, and the good which it has accomplished, thanks to the concurrence of the Catholic congresses held in Italy. He especially called attention to the zeal of the president-general, Commendatore Paganuzzi, who was present at the audience. The Pope welcomed the deputation with marked cordiality, and smiling with gentle benevolence at the distant hopes placed in an aged man bowed down with years and sorrow, he congratulated the promoters of the work who have done so much to Christianize the new quarters of Rome, and encouraged them to continue an enterprise which cannot but contribute to the glory of the Holy See and the exaltation of the church.

GAELIC POETRY.

Dom' Sheas-Phios.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ba ghlórmhar an saothar do righneadh
Le fearaibh Loch-Ghearmain amháin,
Mar bhriseadar cath tar éis catha
Anaghaidh neirt Sacsan iomdáin'—
'S ma cailleadh an troid leó fá dheireadh,
Níor cailleadh le cladhairibh í,
Oir chruthuigh siad eróchaeht a g-cinidh,
'Gus d'fhág siad linn sómpla a choidhch'.

An seanduine d'iomchar air d-tús thú,
Is fada é slaite 's an g-cré,
Acht uair sul ár ghlac sé a theurs
Chum cathaoire breithcamhnais Dé,
Do chuir sé mar fhiachaibh air m'athair
Dá n-direóchadh ócaid 'san tír,
Go d-tógfadh sé thú air a ghualainn,
'S go n-glacfadh sé páirt an fhir fhir.

Do b'fhada tar éis sin do luigh tú
Faoi úmúid agus suithche 'gus smál,
Ag fanacht gach lá leis an g-cuireadh
Do mhusgóchadh fir Innse Fáil
Chum leanamhna sómpla a sinnsear,
Ná'r leigh an cath-bhrat ariamh;
Oir chonsin gach fear díobh go buan é
Gur thuit sé go treun le n-a thaoibh.

'S nuair tagadh an fhógra fá dheireadh,
'S an t-ochtmhadh air dá fhichid bliadhain,
Bhí tusa 'gus m' athair in soinfheacht
Faoi bhratach an taoisigh Uí Bhriain.
Mo bhrón geurí ag Baile an Ghardha,
Ba gholrid an cómhrac bhí ann,—
Agus fill síbh a bhaile gan beadh,
'S gan aon bhearna ár in do cheann.

D'éis bliadhan, mar bhí m'athair ag eagadh,
Do bheannuigh sé Eire 's a cás,
Agus leag sé thú féin in mo lámhaibh,
'S má suidhte ag leaba a bháis.
Do ghéill mé an lá sin nach d-tréigfinn
Sean-téas mo shinnsear go dé,
A's god-tógfainn thú 'ris air son Eireann,
Mar rinn siad 'nas luithibh fad ó.

Ní chuirim mór-mhuinighin 'san g-eagadh
A thigeas ó theasgthaibh gan sgith,
Nó i sgabháil ro-luaith ár saoirse
Le bladaireneht sean-fhir air bith—
Tig stoirse le plésgradh an ghunna,
'S le sáthadh an pice ro-ghéir,
Le mairéal na d-treun-fhear ag tiomól,
'S le toirnigh na troda 'san aer.

Agus sin é an fáth, a shean-phios,
Gé d-tugas anocht thú anuas,
Go n-deunfainn do cheann dí nios gile,
'Nios géire no bhí sé air d-tús
'Nuair thainic sé soilleseh a's dealrach
Ó láimh ghlic an ghabha fad ó.
Sul d'iomchar mo shean-athair treun thú
I mile ocht g-cend scht an dó.

PADRAIC.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON.
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Feast of St. Cecilia, one of Rome's most popular saints, was celebrated with the usual solemnities. The catacombs wherein the body of the virgin-martyr was discovered, in a state of perfect preservation, by Pope Pasquale, were illuminated and solemn high mass celebrated in the very crypt in which St. Cecilia was buried by the early Christians. A mass in the catacombs of St. Calista is ever new and solemnly religious, and the crowd which yearly assist at this feast testify to the undying fervor of Catholics. The story of St. Cecilia is always interesting to Catholics. After the celebration of her marriage with Valerian, in obedience to her parents' will, Cecilia, when alone with her husband, said: "Young and tender friend, I have for protector an angel who watches over me with tender care; he will love you as he does me if you will but consecrate yourself to God." "Cecilia," replied Valerian, "if you wish me to believe your words, let me see this angel. When I have seen him, if I recognize in him an angel of God, I will do as you desire." Cecilia answered: "If you consent to be baptized, your eyes can then see my angel guardian." Valerian received baptism from Pope Urban, and returning to his home saw Cecilia kneeling in prayer, and beside her a shining angel of the Lord. In his hands the angel had two crowns of roses and lillies, and placing them on the heads of the young couple said: "Merit these crowns by the purity of your hearts and the sanctity of your bodies." The subsequent martyrdom of St. Cecilia and Valerian are too well known to need description here. The ceremonies in the church of St. Cecilia in Trasterere, were celebrated with the usual solemnities.

It fills the bill—a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick or Bilious Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

But not in the way the huge, old-fashioned pill tries to do it. These little Pellets have better methods. They cleanse and regulate the whole system *naturally*. In other words, they do it thoroughly, but mildly and gently. There's no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective in result—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. Only one little sugar-coated Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pills you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

This is true only of Dr. Pierce's standard medicines.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. McGill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S OPINION.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

THE RECORD OF CRIME.

Brutal Murder of Two Men in the Choctaw Nation.

THE VICTIMS HORRIBLY MUTILATED.

The Assassin Arrested While Attempting to Dispose of Their Team Which He Stole—Four Inmates of a Milwaukee Bawdy House Poisoned—A Christmas Present from a Thief—Charge Against a Pennsylvania Professor—Various Other Misdeeds.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Dec. 29.—The brutal assassination of two men on Thursday night near Wilburton, Choctaw nation, was developed Monday by the arrest of George L. Longley at South McAlester, I.T. Three men traveling in a wagon were seen Thursday evening going into camp near Wilburton. The next day two stock hunters found the bodies of two dead men near the camp, their faces horribly mutilated. The wagon was followed and the arrest of Longley while trying to sell the wagon and team on the streets of South McAlester resulted. Longley was jailed here. He refuses to talk except in the most insolent manner and no material answer can be gotten from him, except that he formerly lived in Washington county, Ark., and was raised in Missouri. He is 23 years old and apparently one of the worst cases ever brought to this court.

POISONED HER COMPANIONS.

A Depraved Woman Attempts the Lives of Inmates of a House of Ill-Fame.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 29.—A depraved woman named Bessie Waugh was locked up under suspicion of having tried to poison four other inmates of the house in which she was an inmate. All of her companions were taken violently ill after partaking of a meal which she prepared. She had quarreled with the landlady, and it is said threatened a death in the house within a week. When suspicion was aroused she prepared to leave and had her trunk packed when an officer arrested her. Wrapped in a dress at the bottom of the trunk was found a small quantity of powder resembling arsenic. The house is of the worst type of dens. The accused woman ran away from Muskegon, Mich., a few years ago after stabbing a man named Boyling.

WITH KNIFE AND HAMMER.

Two Youngsters Not Out of Their Teens Commit Mutual Murder.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 29.—Gallipolis, O., is very much excited over a fearful tragedy that occurred there Monday afternoon. Harry Bayes and John Eadds, neither out of his teens, quarrelled over a girl, Miss Little, to whom the former had presented a ring, and the latter was wearing it. In the scuffle Bayes drew a knife and slashed Eadds about the limbs and body.

Used Their Weapons with Effect.

Eadds used a hammer with telling effect upon his adversary's head. The knife proved too much for Eadds, and he fell fainting. A physician pronounced his wound mortal. Bayes escaped across the river, but officers captured him after dark and he is in jail. It is feared that his skull is fractured, and he is in a serious condition.

A Thief Returns Some Plunder.

IONIA, Mich., Dec. 29.—George Cutler, a rich hardware merchant and banker of this city, was held up one night early in December and relieved of a well filled purse, a ring and two watches. One of the watches was a family heirloom and a curious relic which he had that evening been exhibiting to friends. He bewailed its loss to the newspapers, and they announced his sorrow at being parted with the old watch that brought pleasant memories of the past. Christmas morning the watch was found upon his doorstep with a note to Mr. Cutler, couched in excellent English. It expressed joy on the part of the robber at his ability on such a day to give pleasure to a fellow human being, and begged the most lenient judgment possible upon those who engaged in the writer's unlawful business.

Hung Herself with a Clothes Line.

MIDDLE HOPE, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Mrs. John Harvey Dingee, while retiring the other night, told her husband that she must go up-stairs and put down the windows. In a few moments she called out "Good-by, John." There was a rattling noise and a jar that shook the building. Mr. Dingee rushed up-stairs, and, after a search, found his wife's body dangling from a clothes line at the side of the house. She had climbed to the roof, fastened one end of the line to the chimney and the other to her neck and jumped off. The body was quickly cut down, but life was extinct. Mrs. Dingee was forty-three years old and grief over a wayward son is supposed to have caused her suicide.

Charge Against a Professor.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 28.—Professor W. Inness, principal of the Blairsville public schools, Blairsville, Pa., for ten years, is wanted at that place for degrading the morals of a number of boy students. Professor Inness was in Pittsburg Monday, but managed to get away before the Blairsville authorities could arrest him. Professor Inness has always been above suspicion. He is a bachelor, about 50 years of age, an elder and leading member of the Blairsville Presbyterian church.

Charged with Financial Crookedness.

ELLENDALE, N. D., Dec. 29.—H. O. Barratt, president of the Farmers and Merchants' State bank, which assigned the 24th inst., has been arrested and held in $500 bail, charged with receiving deposits after he knew the bank was insolvent. Many ugly rumors are afloat in connection with the collapse of the bank. L. Van Hecke, the original assignee, has resigned and M. E. Randall, one of the principal depositors, is now in charge.

Found Dead in the Woods.

LITTLE ROCK, Dec. 29—An unknown and well-dressed man was found dead in the woods near this place Monday. His head was crushed in and pockets cut out, the murder having been committed for robbery. The dead man's hands were securely tied to a tree and a rope encircled his neck. The identity of the murdered man is unknown, but he is supposed to be a wealthy land owner.

Two Children Kidnaped.

CHATTANOOGA, Dec. 29.—Miss Hattie Lewis, of this city, reports her little sister and brother, Annie and George, missing. The parents at Stephenson, Ala., sent a blind neighbor with them to visit their sister. While on the streets a strange woman kidnaped the children. Nothing has been heard of them. They were 13 and 9 years of age respectively.

Regard It as a Good Shot.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Dec. 29.—Frank Cooley, leader of a gang of robbers in this county, was shot and perhaps fatally wounded by one of his band Monday night during a drunken row. The people hereabouts only hope the shot will prove fatal. Cooley and his gang have robbed and terrorized the people around here for nearly two years.

Brutality of a Father.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 28.—Charles Kimball seriously and propably fatally whipped his 3-year-old child. The child was disrobed and put in a tub of ice-cold water and allowed to remain some time. Then the inhuman father took it out and thrashed it with a heavy leather strap, cutting its body in a horrible manner.

Found a Baby in a Trunk.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I., Dec. 28.—An old leather trunk, around which was a stout rope, was found imbedded in the sand at low-water mark opposite the Ocean house Monday afternoon by Charles Young, Jr. Young opened the trunk and was horrified to find the body of a colored infant apparently three weeks old.

Two Murderers To Be Executed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Judge Lacombe, of the United States circuit court, has signed the mandate to the warden of Sing Sing prison commanding him to proceed with the execution of murderers McElvaine and Trezza. The condemned men will be brought to Brooklyn to be resentenced.

LIQUOR AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Thirsty Visitor May Wet His "Whistle" with Strong Beverages

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—Intoxicating liquors will be sold on the World's fair grounds. The sale of this class of goods, however, will be confined to the hotels and restaurants, and no bars or saloons will be allowed to be operated. For some time the questions concerning this part of the fair privileges have been quietly discussed, and now the conclusion has been reached that it would be an impossibility to properly operate a French, English or German hotel or restaurant unless the favorite liquors of these countries were dispensed.

No Bars Nor Saloons.

So, people so inclined may drink their glass of beer or their bottle of wine with their meals. But under no circumstances will a saloon or bar be allowed inside the gates of the fair. The liquors sold will be dealt out as they are today in the hotels and restaurants of Chicago or any other city. "This Sunday closing matter," said a director, "is still being agitated. The officials are constantly receiving petitions and protests against the opening of the gates on the Sabbath."

The Landlord Couldn't See the Joke.

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 29.—Jacob Seligman, a millionaire of this city, was in Owosso Saturday and there purchased the street railway just completed. He and three friends then took dinner at the Merrill House, the proprietor of which charged him $1 a plate. Mr. Seligman, who is known widely as "Little Jake," thought the charge exorbitant, and by way of getting even he slipped half a dozen silver spoons into his pocket. Monday he received a letter from the proprietor stating that the sheriff of Shiawassee was on his way to this city armed with a warrant for Seligman's arrest. "Little Jake," considering the joke had gone far enough, had already expressed the spoons back. He himself left for Owosso in the evening.

Vote of Presbyteries on Revision of Faith.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 28.—Rev. Dr. W. E. Moore, secretary of the committee for the revision of faith of the Presbyterian church, which meets in New York Jan. 12, has received the following reports from 200 Presbyteries; 27 approve without asking for any change; 114 approve with amendments proposed; 15 ask that the work of revision be discontinued; 35 ask for a new formula of doctrine under various designations and for various uses; no report has been received from 44 presbyteries, and three disapprove entirely.

Spook Jokers Confess.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Dec. 29.—A ghost story which located a spook upon the Thompson farm at Badger and caused endless excitement in that vicinity has been explained. A couple of jokers in the cellar provided themselves with a long rubber hose, through which they talked, producing the inexplicable sounds in different parts of the house. A sheet afterward did duty as a wrap for the ghost. When the boys found what a commotion their joke had caused they confessed.

Monument to Chief of Police Hennessey.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29.—A design of the monument to the late Superintendent of Police David C. Hennessey, who was assassinated by members of the Mafia, has been accepted. The accepted design is a plain shaft of Hallowell granite, twenty-six feet high, surmounted by a fringed drapery, upon which hangs the dead chief's belt and baton.

No Hope for Bishop Loughlin.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, is growing gradually weaker. Dr. Monier, the attending physician, said Monday night that the bishop's condition was very low and that his death might be expected as any moment, although he might live for several days, or even a week. The physician had no hope of his ultimate recovery.

Is Tired of John L. Sullivan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—Jack Barnett became tired of John L. Sullivan last week and Saturday, at Sacramento, closed all accounts with the big slugger and quit. Barnett ascribed his desertion of Sullivan to ill-usage, but it is shrewdly suspected that the champion has ceased to be a drawing card since his return from Australia.

Swallowed His False Teeth.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Dec. 29.—H. B. Ashelman wears a set of false teeth, with a gold plate, in his mouth ordinarily, but he forgot his teeth while drinking a glass of water Monday morning, and now wears them in his stomach. His physicians are nonplussed, but Ashelman feels no ill results yet.

Parson MacQueary to Marry.

CANTON, O., Dec. 29.—It is announced that Rev. Howard MacQueary, the former pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church in this city, who was tried and convicted of heresy, is to be married to Miss Harris, daughter of Hon. John T. Harris, of Harrisburg, Va., on Jan. 4.

IT LOOKS SIGNIFICANT.

Great Activity in the Navy Yard at Washington.

DISPOSITION OF THE ADMINISTRATION

Preparations for Making Ordnance and Projectiles Being Hurried Forward with a Rush—Evidence Which Does Not Coincide with Former Pacific Talk—Secretary Tracy and Other Naval Officials Confer with Shipbuilder Cramp—Activity at New York.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Sunday was a busy day in the gunshops at the Washington navy yard. In every department the workmen were actively employed. A force of mechanics were engaged in putting in gas pipes, brackets and electric lamps in order that the several hundred ordnance employes may commence to work day and night and rush the manufacture of rifled cannon and projectiles. Seldom since the civil war has work been done in the navy yard on Sunday. Many consider this rush as confirmatory evidence of the gravity with which the Chilian situation is regarded by the administration.

Disposition of the Administration.

To give the republic in Chili a thorough whipping, unless she promptly apologizes for the murder of American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso, is still the disposition has not changed since the president first received news of the outrage and learned of the seeming indifference of the provincial government of Chili to its atrocious character. The president within a few days has assured gentlemen who have talked with him that he meant to firmly maintain the dignity of our government and to insist upon apology and reparation.

Officials Confer with Cramp.

Monday morning Secretary Tracy, Commodore Ramsey, chief of the bureau of navigation; Commodore Wilson, chief of the bureau of construction, and Lieutenant T. B. M. Mason, who is to be executive officer of the New York when she put in commission, had a conference with Mr. Cramp, her builder. He told the officials, it is said, that if work on the work on the other vessels in his yard were stopped the New York could be made ready for service in six months. Whether orders to proceed in this manner were given or not did not transpire.

Montt Has an Interview with Blaine.

Shortly after noon Senor Pedro Montt, the Chilian minister, after waiting for the Nicaraguan and British ministers to conclude their business with Mr. Blaine began an interview with the secretary which lasted more than house. What it was all about, of couse, was not made known, but it is said that was largely devoted to a statement by the minister of a desire of the new government, inaugurated at Valparaiso Saturday, to continue in amicable relations with the United States and to renew to the secretary assurances of his own regard and esteem.

ACTIVITY AT NEW YORK.

Pushing to Completion Work on the Miantonomah—Many Men at Work.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—All day long Sunday the clang of hammers and the roar of the furnaces resounded through the navy yard and the work continued Monday. New York's noble harbor defense vessel, the Miantonomah, is floating alongside the wharf receiving coal and having her batteries adjusted. This work will be completed in forty-eight hours more, and then the giant monitor will leave the yard under sealed orders. The heavy sea of the latter part of last week caused the work on the Puritan and the Cincinnati to be suspended, but Sunday it was resumed by the entire navy yard force and the special 150 men sent to Brooklyn from the Norfolk navy yard last week. More men are engaged in fitting out the war vessels than have before been employed in the navy yard since the close of the war of the rebellion.

The order from Washington furnished for the public are of the most pacific nature, but there is an undercurrent of feeling in the navy yard that they are simply blinds to the true state of affairs. There are whispers among the petty officers and the workmen that Secretary Blaine is far from satisfied with the course of the Chilian government, and that as soon as the warships can be gotten ready for sea he will "demand that the South American republic come down from its high horse or fight."

Shipment of War Munitions.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The navy department has ordered the shipment of 42,000 pounds of prismatic powder and 11,000 six-inch shells from League Island, Pa., to San Francisco. The department has also ordered the new 12-inch gun made at the Washington navy yard to be sent to San Francisco. The gun will be placed on a large flat car and taken to the Pacific coast as soon as possible.

THE SUCCESSOR TO PLUMB.

Gov. Humphrey Thinks the Candidates Are Rushing Things.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 28.—Governor Humphrey arrived last night accompanied by a delegation from Oswego who came in the interest of ex-Congressman Perkins. He was somewhat surprised to find that Major Hudson (of The Capital), J. W. Ady and United States Attorney Burton had opened up regular campaign headquarters. When a reporter called on him, he said: "I see no occasion for all of this rush, these fellows here in Topeka I see have fixed up everything for me. I want it understood and authorize you to say that I am going to take my time for this appointment and do not now think that I will make it before the latter part of the week. You can further state that when I do name Senator Plumb's successor it will be my choice and not that of any faction or clique." He further said that reports that he himself was a candidate are false.

First Election Victory for the Parnellites.

DUBLIN, Dec. 25.—It is probable that the most surprised man in Great Britain and Ireland to-day is Michael Davitt. He had no more idea of being defeated at the Waterford election than he had of flying. He counted firmly on the full support of the labor vote in addition to the regular vote of the party, but contrary to these sanguine expectations the labor vote was either cast against him or else maintained a neutral attitude and remained at home. The official returns of the election show that Redmond beat his opponent by a majority of 496 votes.

THE HORROR NEAR HASTINGS.

Eleven Dead and Three Seriously Hurt—Corpse Robbers About.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Nine people in all were killed in the collision between the fast St. Louis express and the Niagara express on the New York Central railroad, one mile north of Hastings Thursday night. Their names are as follows: Thomas Polley, Boston; Abraham Knight, conductor; Gertrude Moore, Medina, N. Y.; Miss Lizzie Ford, Medina, N. Y.; J. W. White, car porter; Mrs. Ann Baldwin, New York; Miss Libbie Van Arsdale, school teacher, of New York; Miss Mabel Slocum, Lockport, N. Y.; Miss Lillian Baldwin, New York; M. R. Ebert, dentist, New York; Edwin Wilcox, New York. The injured are: Mrs. Homer R. Baldwin, New York, seriously; Miss Annie Ford, slightly; D. B. Murphy, New York, seriously; Harry A. Jacobson, slightly; J. R. Bagnall, Poughkeepsie, probably fatally.

Albert E. Herrick, the brakeman whose carelessness caused the accident, fled soon after the collision, and has not yet been found. He will be arrested if found. A disgusting fact was revealed during the examination of the bodies by the undertakers. The pockets of several of the victims were found to have been either cut or torn from their clothing, and all their valuables, including pocketbooks, jewelry, etc., were missing. Inquiry at the hospital among the injured showed that several of them, too, had been robbed.

WANTED TO BORROW HIS BRAINS.

The Crotchet of a Crank Who Called to See Cornelius Vanderbilt.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—While Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was entertaining a number of friends at his Fifth avenue residence at 10:20 o'clock Saturday night a good looking, well dressed young man, apparently a German, rang the street door bell. To the servant the visitor said he had called to see Mr. Vanderbilt personally to get his brains, which he proposed to have subjected to an expert analysis in order to determine why he (Vanderbilt) had been able to amass a fortune while he (the caller) was practically penniless.

The Caller Put Behind Bars.

The servant summoned an officer, who took the young man to the station. In his pockets was found a card bearing the name John J. Lingman, 68 East Eleventh street, also a membership card of the Young Men's Christian association. The prisoner was taken to the Yorkville police court and committed pending an examination as to his mental condition. He was uncommunicative and is doubtless insane.

CHRISTMAS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

An Unusually Happy Festival in the President's Family.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Christmas at the White House was an unusually happy festival. Express wagons were coming all day with bundles and boxes from all parts of the country Thursday and messengers with notes tied up in white ribbon and other holiday indications, bearing packages addressed to the ladies or the children from friends in town were just steadily dropping in. A beautiful fir tree was set up and Mrs. McKee displayed fine taste and ingenuity in selecting pretty things to put on it. It was a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the little ones, and ones, also, of the family. The presence of a family party at dinner was added to by the presence of Mr. McKee, Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Dimmick.

The other members of the cabinet, except Wanamaker and Elkins, dined with their families at home in this city. Wanamaker went to Philadelphia and Elkins to Elkins, W. Va.

Speaker Crisp Down with La Grippe.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Speaker Crisp has been confined to his room since the adjournment of the house with a bad cold, which has now developed into a pronounced case of la grippe. Mrs. Crisp arrived Saturday noon and is now with the speaker at the Metropolitan hotel. Dr. Walsh has charge of the case and it is thought the speaker is more seriously ill than the public has been led to believe. The feature of the case, which the physicians deem most serious is the feature of appetite, and some days the speaker has eaten nothing of consequence. The proposed visit of the speaker to Georgia has been abandoned for the present.

Cowboys' "Sport" in Texas.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 28.—A half-dozen cowboys took possession of the south-bound passenger train on the International and Great Northern road, 40 miles north of here Saturday night. They boarded the train as Buda station and their first act was to force a Chicago drummer off the train because he were a red cravat and high silk hat. They then continued the depredations by making a number of young ladies in the Pullman car sing for them. They enforced all their demands with drawn pistols. They ruled the train for twenty miles, when they stepped off at a way station.

A Glutton Drops Dead.

MERCER, Mo., Dec. 28.—Sunday night Robert Severns, proprietor of a livery stable, who has been noted as the heaviest eater in this part of the state made a wager that he could eat four cans of salmon in thirty minutes, the price of the salmon being the forfeit. He finished the fourth can in twenty-eight minutes and a half. He then called for a cigar, lit it and started for the door. Just as he got to the door he dropped dead. The parties who made the wager are under arrest.

The Santa Claus Fire Item.

HASTINGS, Neb., Dec. 26.—R. A. Batty, a prominent lawyer, had a narrow escape from a horrible death Thursday evening. A large party young folks had been invited to the Batty home to see Santa Claus and watch him deliver the presents from a Christmas tree, Mr. Batty had been rigged out as Santa Claus, and while engaged at the pleasant task his woolly costume suddenly became ignited, and before any one could render assistance he was terribly burned about the hands and body.

Commander McCalla's Sentence Remitted

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—An order has been issued by the navy department remitting the unexecuted portion of the sentence of suspension imposed on Commander B. H. McCalla. Commander McCalla was sentenced to three years' suspension for cruelty to subordinates.

Refused to Pardon Banker Harper.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The president Monday refused to grant a pardon to Edward L. Harper, convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary for wrecking the Fidelity National bank of Cincinnati.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Events of a Week Condensed for Hurried Readers.

In a freight wreck on the Louisville and Nashville road, A. L. Jones, the conductor, was killed.

Fire at Essexville, Mich., caused a loss of $16,000, on which there was $7,500 insurance.

John Mullany of Boscobel, Wis., was thrown from his wagon and his neck was broken by the fall.

Peter Kints of Tiffin, O., who has been paralyzed for ten years, was fatally burned by his bed clothing catching fire from a stove.

William Wilson's jewelry store window was smashed in with a coupling pin at Pittsburg, and a tray containing $3,000 worth of diamonds was stolen. The robbers fastened the door on the outside before making the attempt.

John Burns of Davenport, Ia., had his arm torn off by a corn sheller, and will probably die.

At Namur, Belgium, a shoemaker has been sentenced to death for trying to poison his brother. It was proved that he had killed his sister and three other brothers.

At Pittsburg Porter, Donaldson & Co.'s wholesale millinery establishment was burned. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $81,500.

The gang of silver coin counterfeiters who have been operating in Texas for many months past are being run in. The following have been arrested: G. W. Warren, Ed Meyers, Punch Boyd and Dick Posten.

Oswald Baier was awarded $5,000 damages from the Missouri Pacific railway company at Nebraska City, Neb. His wife was killed by a passenger train at Weeping Water last year.

The Rev. E. J. Hamell, of Jacksonville, Ills., fell dead on a train while en route to the south to spend the winter.

A train consisting of twelve carloads of poultry consigned to Boston, passed through Ottawa, Ont. The duties on the freight amounted to $8,750.

George Miller fatally stabbed Jack Williams in a quarrel over a game of cards at Cairo, Mich.

Eugene McNally, who robbed the Northern Pacific express at Abbotsford, Wis., of $10,000, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000,000 pins a year.

In Mississippi a lawyer has just been sentenced to six years' imprisonment for swindling negro women out of pension money.

John Byrne had both legs broken and was injured on the head, Albert Anthony was seriously injured, and B. P. Carr and Peter Gustavsen were slightly injured by a caving bank, which buried them, at Hot Springs, S. D.

* * *

W. K. Marrinan, a Grafton, N. D., money loaner, has been missing since Dec. 4, and is supposed to have been lost in the snow.

Claude, the 18-year-old son of W. H. Stock, was drowned while skating on the river at Galena, Ills.

Frank Grady, a wealthy farmer 64 years old, residing six miles southwest of Madison, Wis., was killed by the overturning of his wagon.

Charles Willett was shot in the back and William Pyatt in the thigh during a quarrel at a dance at Junction City, Colo.

Frederick Douglass has bought the church edifice in which he once worshiped, and to which he is much attached, in order to help the congregation pay off its indebtedness.

William or Wilbur Foley, a boiler maker, was killed on the railroad near Deadwood, S. D. He has relatives in New York and Illinois.

Whittier once belonged to a young people's club, each member of which had resolved not to marry. Whittier was the only one who kept the vow intact.

Humane Agent Wilkie of Oshkosh, Wis., received a dispatch from Waupaca requesting his presence there for the purpose of prosecuting a teamster. The teamster could not handle a balky horse, so he drove pegs in the animal's side, which resulted in the death of the horse.

Johnnie Shaddock, a 15-year-old boy, living in the town of Caledonia, Racine county, Wis., had his jaw and several ribs broken by a kick from a colt.

The state of Kansas paid out $21,605.77 to run her charitable institutions during the month of November.

Two Stockton, Kas., men went to Denver recently with $4,000 worth of eggs to sell.

The New York Fenians have issued an addressed calling on Irishmen to be ready when war breaks out in Europe "to strike a blow for Ireland."

* * *

A special train on the Chicago and Alton broke the record between Chicago and Kansas City, making the run of 419 miles in 11 1-2 hours, or at the rate of 45.1 miles an hour.

Patrick Sheald, an American sailor who arrived at San Diego, Cal., from Valparaiso, says he was recently arrested by Chilian police without cause and beaten into insensibility.

The daughter of President Barillas of Gautemala was married to Don Louis de Ojada, formerly a resident of California. The bride's portion is $4,000,000.

Wakely, the former backer of John L. Sullivan, inclines to the belief that strong drink is ruining the prospects of the pugilist.

Two convicts escaped through a ventilator from the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus. They stole some whisky from a farmhouse, got drunk and were recaptured Monday.

The South Carolina house of representatives has voted to recommit the bill making an appropriation for the World's fair. It is so near the end of the session that this practically kills the bill.

Chicago lawyers are opposed to the confirmation of Judge Woods as United States circuit judge.

Indians fill the office of Commissioner Laird at Pierre, S. D., demanding protection from white timber cutters. Whether the allotted lands are on the reservation is not yet determined.

Gold in the United States treasury amounts to $129,750,389, a decrease of nearly $2,000,000 since the 10th inst. Receipts from customs at New York during the first twenty days of December were $5,362,768, a decrease of $1,764,677 compared with the receipts during the corresponding period of last year.

A committee of Russian ministers has authorized the employment of foreign vessels for transportation across the Black sea of grain for use in the famine stricken provinces.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, denies that he contemplates resigning.

* * *

General elections are to be held in the province of Quebec March 8.

Lloyd and Paul Rogers, brothers, aged 17 and 19 years respectively, were arrested at New York for making counterfeit money.

It is said that the monitor Miantonomah will not be ready to go to sea and try her guns until late in January.

It is alleged that the Tinned Plate Manufacturers' association will petition congress to increase the import duty on tin 1 cent a pound.

Dividends have been declared by the Michigan Central and Lake Shore directors. The gross earnings of the two roads during the last year were $21,460,000.

Governor Winans of Michigan appointed the Hon. Robert R. Blacker of Manistee secretary of state, vice Soper.

The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road has begun double-tracking the line between Lima and Crestline, O.

Recent ravages of wolves in Jo Daviess county, Ills., has induced the county board to offer a bounty of $10 for the scalp of every grown wolf and $5 for every cub brought to the county clerk.

The Michigan supreme court has ordered a new trial for "Buck" Murray, serving a life sentence in Jackson prison for the murder of Patrolman Shoemaker of Detroit. The exclusion of the public from the courtroom was the cause.

John Mongoza, chief of the Miami tribe of Indians, died suddenly Monday in a saloon at Peru, Ind.

Mrs. Ada Thorpe Loftus was placed in an insane asylum at New York. She arrived in this country on Sunday, and announced that she came for the purpose of killing President Harrison.

Richard Howes, a brakeman on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern line fell between the cars near Cedar Rapids while the train was in motion and was instantly killed.

A Baltimore man, after a courtship of fourteen years, undertook to withdraw when the party of the second part objected, and a breach of promise suit followed.

William Tites of Konto, Ind., died of wounds inflicted by highwaymen last Sunday night. He was beaten and robbed while on his way home from a visit.

* * *

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the Minneapolis and St. Louis railways offer free transportation for all flour contributed to The Northwestern Miller's cargo for the Russian peasants.

A statement issued by Hidalgo & Co., sugar merchants of Havana, show that the last sugar crop of the island amounts to 815,516 tons.

Three men were struck by a falling tree near Gadsden, Ala. Two are dead.

The pope received Christmas congratulations from the monarchs of different countries and numerous gifts from members of the Roman aristocracy, and also a magnificent basket of flowers from the officers of the pontifical court.

The attack of influenza, from which the King of Sweden is suffering, is of a severe type.

The Sault Ste. Marie ship canal was open to navigation 225 days in 1891. The average number of vessels passing each day was 45.3.

A verdict for $1,500 damages was assessed against O. M. Landon, a prominent physician of New Hampton, Ia., for malpractice in the treatment of a cut on a young man's leg.

About half the business houses at Waverly, Ills., were destroyed by fire. The loss is figured at $30,000; insurance partial.

In an altercation in a saloon in Lyons, Ia., George Jones, a bartender, fatally wounded Frank Redfield, of Clinton.

Maurice Daly is going to Europe next month to secure a French billiardist to come to America and take part in a series of tournaments.

George H. Page, lessee of the Langham hotel at Boston has failed for $75,000. Unsecured creditors will get nothing.

In a woodshed in rear of a dwelling at Sedalia, Mo., the body of two infants who had been murdered, were found. No clew to the guilty persons.

Jennie Clarkson was arrested at Detroit, charged with shoplifting. Christmas goods worth nearly $1,000 were found in her house.

The Myton and Baldwin block at Hutchinson, Kan., was burned entailing a loss of $140,000. Masons and Knights Templar, who had their lodges in the building, lost their insigna and furniture.

* * *

Thomas A. Roberts of Springfield, Ills., has been appointed a cadet at West Point. He is a son of Captain E. R. Roberts.

So great was the haste of the applicants for Plumb's seat in the senate that one senator posted his request two hours and ten minutes after the Kansas statesman died.

By the derailment of a train near Hamilton, Scotland, nine persons were seriously injured.

The California state board of forestry proposes to ask congress to reduce the size of the Yosemite National park one-half.

The Paris Figaro says that the French minister at Pekin was recently received in solemn audience by the emperor of China in the imperial palace, a favor never before granted to any foreigner.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Ex. ress and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Rec, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Richard Mansfield.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Pauline Hall Comic Opera Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Stuart Robson in "She Stoops to Conquer."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Agnes Huntington Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Shenandoah."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Still Alarm."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

DASTARDLY ATTACK ON MR. EGAN.

The following uncalled for and indecent editorial appeared in the Chicago *Evening Post* of Wednesday:

"Arbitrate or fight—but especially arbitrate. That is a good enough ultimatum for Chili.

"There is not much to fight about—still less to fight for. War would unquestionably mean victory for our army; but victory at what a cost! We would, of course, drub the miserable, misguided little republic into submission, but to do so we must expose our own weakness to the laughter of the world. The weakness of our navy and the weakness of our cause. For if we fight it is Pat Egan's battle we shall be fighting; good treasure and precious blood expended to vindicate a pestiferous adventurer without a country, to whom chance and vile political intrigue have given the power to misrepresent and disgrace this nation.

"To fight Chili means to array ourselves against the good opinion of the world; to carry our family quarrels into the congress of nations, there to be scoffed at as they deserve; to delight the monarchists of Europe with the spectacle of the Great Republic coercing a lesser republic. It is not for this nation to set such an example.

"In arbitration there is escape from all this. Arbitration means delay. Delay means the subsidence of passion and the reassertion of common sense. Arbitration means also concession on either side, and he is a blind American who does not see that this country has something to concede to Chili. Mr. Harrison affronted that country when he sent a nameless vagabond to her court. He must make amends for that, both to Chili and to his own country.

"It is not the ghosts of the Baltimore's men that rise between Washington and Santiago to frighten peace away. It is a living image on whose features are written duplicity and dishonor. War might dispel it, but so would arbitration also—and at how infinitely less a cost."

The statement that Mr. Egan is a "nameless vagabond," and kindred statements, are ruffianly lies on the part of the Chicago *Evening Post*—cowardly and contemptible lies—hurled at the United States minister to Chili, not because he has upheld the honor of his adopted country against native and foreign intrigue in the South American republic, but because he happened to be born in Ireland and championed her cause with the courage and devotion of a patriot. In so shamefully abusing Mr. Egan, the *Evening Post* not alone insults every Irish-American in the United States, but also every loyal American citizen of whatever origin. It gives the lie also to the message of President Harrison to Congress; to the statements of Secretary Blaine, and, in order to wound the feelings of Mr. Egan and his Irish-American friends, condones the dastardly assault of the Chilians on men who wore the uniform of the United States, and who were ashore at Valparaiso on a peaceful mission.

It is to be supposed that President Harrison and Mr. Blaine are, at least, as careful of the blood and treasure of America as the editor of the *Evening Post*; and, in any case, the question of peace or war lies with congress. It is not the first time that men calling themselves Americans have taken the side of the foreign enemy against their country. History records the treason of Benedict Arnold; of the later scoundrels who placed signals on our eastern coasts in 1812-15 for the guidance of the English fleet, and, in still later times, we know how alleged Americans did their utmost to destroy the noble structure of the Union. THE CITIZEN is for "peace, with honor;" but it is unreservedly with the administration in its determination to punish Chili for her crime against our national honor and dignity, even though to strike her should inflame to the pitch of war her more formidable instigators and backers. THE CITIZEN does not care who may be America's enemy, it is always with America, right or wrong, but particularly when she is right. The *Evening Post* can, if it chooses, take sides with the foreigners who murdered our sailors and insulted our flag; but the people will know how to make its treason odious.

MISS CATHERINE TYNAN.

It is announced that the well-known Irish poetess, Miss Tynan, is about to abandon the worship of the muse—during a honeymoon at least—for that of a husband. The name of the happy man has not, as yet, been divulged; but it is said that he is a Dublin professor. Miss Katherine Tynan is a bright, brainy woman, whose contributions to various periodicals in prose and poetry have made her name almost a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. Miss Tynan, who, by the way, is an ardent Parnellite in politics, is the daughter of a well to do business man who resides in one of the suburbs of Dublin, and the poetess' boudoir in the paternal mansion is a very model of esthetic art and beauty. Her brother is a member of the Dublin corporation, and her family has been for generations sterling and patriotic in the service of Ireland. THE CITIZEN wishes the talented Irish poetess every happiness in the new and congenial sphere on which she is about to enter.

THE INSPIRATION OF A BLACKTHORN.

Mr. Michael Davitt made a great mistake recently when he threw himself into imminent deadly breach at Waterford, instead of leaving the original nominee to fight the battle out with Mr. John E. Redmond. Davitt, although he can occasionally lecture certain of his fellow countrymen on the virtue of cool headedness in public life, is not at all given to practicing what he preaches. However, it must be acknowledged in extenuation of Mr. Davitt's rashness, that a welt of a blackthorn over the eye is not calculated to promote coolness of judgment in even the most phlegmatic of men, not to speak of this Irish Hotspur. "That blow makes me stand for Waterford!" shouted Davitt, as he rose to his feet, after having been knocked down by close contact with a stalwart sprig of shillelagh, in the hands of an undersized fellow countryman. Well, Michael did stand for Waterford, but only, as the sequel proved, to be knocked down again, and to be "knocked out" at the same time.

Davitt relied on his strength with the mechanics and laborers of Waterford, but these men are strong Nationalists, and they could not get over the fact of Michael's notorious inconsistency as a factor in Anglo-Irish politics. THE CITIZEN does not think that Davitt means to be inconsistent, but he cannot help it. He is built that way. His ancient Fenian record was brought forward by his opponents as a weapon wherewith to smite him hip and thigh. His chief lacerator was a writer in *United Ireland*, who called himself "a Physical Force man." This patriot unearthed many of Michael's former speeches and paraded them before the astonished eyes of the Waterford constituency. It was thus the enemy of Davitt sailed for him in the Parnellite organ:

"How have the mighty fallen! Who among us does not recall the theatrical contempt with which Michael Davitt spurned the bare idea of ever entering the English house of commons as aught else than a scornful spectator? To others might belong the baseness of swearing allegiance to her most gracious majesty of England, but to Michael Davitt—never! And now, alas, all this is forgotten. The heroics of '85 and other years are hidden away, and the tamed lion leaves the pledges of bygone days to take care of themselves, and enters upon a new and mild career. What a climax to all the many 'leaderships' assumed of the Labor—National—Radical movements! The stern opponent of the Sullivans places himself in the hands of Tim Healy for direction as to whether or not he shall go into parliament! The fierce hillsider accepts the dictum of the English novelist, Justin McCarthy, and swallows his pretensions and the much hated oath of loyalty to England's queen at the same time! The ex-Fenian and uncompromising revolutionist begins a new career by 'invoking God's name as a testimony of his loyalty and devotion' to the power of England! Does he recall the line I quote? He should, for it came from his own pen: not when the 'hot blood of his youth' was coursing through his veins; no, nor before the famous *Standard* letter of May, 1882, proclaimed his secession from the ideas of his early manhood. Long after that famous epistle shook his influence with the young men of Ireland—as late, indeed, as the eventful year of 1885—there issued from Land League Cottage, Ballybrack, another notable letter. Three weeks before Mr. Davitt had been asked by the Sheffield Radicals to stand—as an English Radical, of course—for their constituency. Does he recall his own reply?—'I most respectfully decline the invitation to stand as a candidate for the Central Division of Sheffield, or for any other constituency in any of the three countries.'

There was, of course, some little controversy over this high and mighty method of declining the parliamentary representation 'of any constituency in the three countries'; and then came a fiery epistle from Land League Cottage. 'I cannot enter parliament,' said Mr. Davitt. Forthwith he went on to explain his reasons, for the revival of which I know he will feel deeply obliged to me. First, he thinks that 'the Irish constituencies will send the right kind of men to parliament,' for the particular work required; and this work, be it noted, he describes as 'steady attendance to parliamentary duties, and a faithful discharge of same, so as to give that unity of action to Mr. Parnell's following without which he could not fully carry out the mandate to him by Ireland.'

"But what about his other reasons? We give them as they were written: 'Men who expect forgiveness in the next world have to exercise the same virtue in their dealings with each other in this, I admit; but they are not, I should hope, compelled to extend the same charity to an impersonality having no soul to be damned, such, for instance, as England's ruling power. However charitably inclined I may be towards individual Englishmen, I cannot but recollect that fifteen years this very day I was sentenced in the name of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to a term of penal servitude which only now expires, and which has entailed sufferings, indignities, and persecutions of nine years' duration for the 'crime' of being an Irish Nationalist; and when you ask me to perform an act which would literally compel me to appear to seal my forgiveness and forgetfulness of all this personal wrong and inhumanity, by invoking God's name as a testimony of my devotion to the power which has inflicted this upon me, for being fifteen years ago what I proudly proclaim myself today, the unrelenting enemy of England's power in Ireland, then I simply reply, *I will not, because I cannot do it*'

"Is this all forgotten by the ex Fenian now? Does he for one moment think we men of Ireland do not know well his reason for sinking all this, and 'invoking God's name as a testimony of his loyalty and devotion' to England? He of all the crowd that was first to cast the stone, the first to draw the dagger upon him who has gone from us. Guarded by English allies, goaded by English opinion, urged on by English mock religious sentiment, he was the first to stab our leader. Is it because he thinks that Parnell's mantle may perhaps fall on his shoulders if he becomes a member of the English commons that he has now decided 'to hold himself free' to enter the Queen's parliament? Well, let it be so; Waterford knows its duty!"

THE CITIZEN points out to the writer in *United Ireland* the patent fact that Mr. Davitt is merely a man of impulse. He is a Celt without alloy, as he shows in every feature, in every gesture and every turn of his mind. If he had been born in a free country, the heir of liberty, or if he had cast his fortunes in early youth with a free country, he would, undoubtedly, have become what is called a great man. As it is, he has made some noise in the world, and may not soon be forgotten by his countrymen, for whom, in the past, he did a great deal. He has suffered in prison for them repeatedly. He, certainly, had a chief part in founding the old Land League—the most formidable of all modern Irish organizations—and he has been ever faithful to the people of the distressed and famine stricken districts. These are facts that Irishmen, in contemplating Davitt's follies and inconsistencies, should bear strongly in mind, in the nature of a plea in extenuation of his recent political antics. There is much that is good in Davitt, and he would have been all good if he had kept up his distrust of the English Whig faction. But since his alliance with that element, he has gone backward both in force and popularity. He can yet recover himself by avoiding occasions of certain defeat, as at Waterford, and by getting back once more on the main track of Irish nationality. In Waterford Michael was struck by a blackthorn, not by lightning.

THE REJECTED OF WATERFORD.

[*Editorial Correspondence.*]

It is to be presumed that Mr. Michael Davitt left Waterford last week a sadder and a wiser man than he was when he fancied that he had only to appear on the scene to capture the constituency. Mr. Davitt proposed to the sweet lady on the banks of the Suir, but that fair damsel would have none of Michael. It is to be hoped that Mr. Davitt's rejection and defeat will have some salutary and restraining effect on Mr. Davitt's overweening vanity. Mr. Davitt left this country a short time ago with the avowed object of doing his level best to bring about harmony in the National ranks. That object was in every sense of the word a praiseworthy one, and Mr. Davitt had THE CITIZEN'S hearty good wishes for the success of his mission of peace. Recent events have shown how signally Mr. Davitt has failed to weld in one the rival factions. The reason of his failure is obvious. Instead of holding a strictly impartial position, he at once took sides with the McCarthyites, and thus rendered himself obnoxious to the followers of the late Mr. Parnell. Mr. Davitt's Plan of Campaign to end the Irish civil war is one of the most grotesque fiascoes of modern times, more so even than the O'Brien Dillon combination which has ruined and devastated the homes of Tipperary.

Mr. Davitt, having thus once more become a factionist, became a characteristically bitter one. As an open or secret foe Mr. Davitt is—unfortunately for himself—a very sour crabstick indeed. Nature has cursed his system with more than the average quantity of bile, which, in a public man, is quite a ruinous characteristic. Smarting under the injuries inflicted on him by an obscure Parnellite mad cap, he at once plunged into the thickest of the fight. He sent the accommodating Mr. Keane, the Federation candidate, about his business, and became himself the McCarthyite aspirant to the representation of Waterford. Throughout the election contest which ensued Mr. Davitt was as cock sure of success as he was of his next day's meal. The hero of the Grampian hills was not half as invulnerable as he, when he announced that victory would positively alight on his banners. Waterford, however, gave Mr. Davitt his quietus by electing his opponent, Mr. Redmond, by a majority of over five hundred.

THE CITIZEN has no crocodile or any other tears at its disposal to shed over Mr. Davitt's collapse. Mr. Davitt's rejection was the logical result of Mr. Davitt's many political inconsistencies. An avowed supporter of Henry George's theories, he never touched on land nationalization in his address to the electors. An avowed Home Ruler, he alluded to the settlement of the Anglo-Irish difficulty in language as vague and ambiguous as any ever uttered by Mr. Gladstone himself, who juggles with words as a charlatan does with cards at a country fair. Mr. Davitt, moreover, times without number unequivocally asserted that he would never set foot in the British parliament. And when at last he belied his assertions by offering himself as a candidate for "parliamentary honors," Waterford would be stultifying itself to a most ridiculous extent if it took this ex-Fenian and ex socialist to its bosom. The working men and Fenians of the "Urbs Intacta" have shown a proper appreciation of their quondam colleague. Mr. Davitt had better now transfer his services to the cause of Hodge. Hodge is one of those dull, stupid nobodies who can be invariably led by the nose; and thus Mr. Davitt might become a leader of men yet.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

As we go to press, it is announced that a portion—the financial portion—of Dublin Castle has been blown up. It must be the result of spontaneous combustion, or else the concern has gone into bankruptcy.

THERE is too much wailing and gnashing of teeth in McCarthyite circles over the Parnellite victories in the recent municipal elections in Cork. The support given the true Nationalists by the Tories is looked upon as treason on the former! It should be patent to all that such an amalgamation will make the Tory less of a Tory and more of an Irishman, and may thus bring about the realization of Thomas Davis' dream of a union of Orange and Green. Irish Tories and Protestants will be heartily welcomed into the national fold.

JOHN DILLON and William O'Brien prophecied two weeks ago that Waterford would have no king save Michael. Few men are prophets among their own. Michael instead of getting the royal toga got—metaphorically—licked into a cocked hat.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

[*United Ireland, Dec. 19.*]

Before the next number of *United Ireland* is printed the battle of Waterford will have been fought and won. And it is incumbent on us, therefore, as public journalists speaking for the independent Irish party, to say a last solemn word to the electors of the *Urbs Intacta*.

Mr. John Redmond appeals to them on three grounds. He asks them to vindicate the good name of their dead chieftain. He calls upon them to justify the public conduct of Richard Power. He urges them to stand sentinel on their bridge lest, under the guise of a friend of their freedom, the stranger may enter within their gates unchallenged, and the final conquest of Ireland be accomplished at long last, without a blow struck or a word said for the true liberty of their land. He asks them to vindicate the good name of their dead chieftain. Are the men of Waterford who stood around him on the 26th of last January prepared to break the bond they made on that ever memorable Sunday? Do they remember the words they emphasized and echoed with their cheers that day at Ballybricken Hill? "You will get a parliament of some kind or another, but the sort of parliament that you get depends entirely upon yourselves." Are the men who cheered these words willing now to depend on Mr. Gladstone, or on Mr. Davitt, who, as he informed the people of Bandon, would take whatever Mr. Gladstone gave? They applauded Mr. Parnell when he declared that "a parliament we must have that will be supreme with regard to Irish questions." Will they now applaud Mr. Davitt when he declares that it is not for beggars to be choosers? Mr. Redmond asks the men of Waterford to vindicate the good name of the dead chieftain. They have already pledged themselves to do so. "Let me tell you, fellow citizens," he said to them in the Waterford city hall, "let me tell you that perhaps you and I have approached this subject from different standpoints. The standpoint from which you have approached it is credited to you, and I hope that in the days and years to come the standpoint from which I have approached it will appear to the whole of Ireland to have been credited to myself. You have said, 'Here is a man who has stood by us through many a long year of trial, of danger, of difficulty, of doubt, and we know that he has never misled us. We know that he has always been true to the Irish cause, and that he has shown, as far as he could, in very difficult circumstances, his desire to help the interests of all classes in this country; and though we may lose a great gain for ourselves and Ireland in the future, we decline to desert this man, or to allow him to be trampled upon.'" The generous compliment to the hearts of the men of Waterford was received by them with delight. They would *not* desert him, they would *not* allow him to be trampled upon; their answer rent the heavens and made the welkin ring. So, when he lived and met them face to face. And will they falsify his proud opinion of them on Wednesday next, confess that their chivalry is buried in the grave, refuse to vindicate the green Glasnevin mound?

Or will the old city of Waterford, now that he is dead, turn on its own "Dick" Power, whom it nursed into politics as a boy, whom it honored as a man, to whom it gave its confidence for eighteen years of Irish history—will it on Wednesday next go in spirit to the grave of its old member in the lone churchyard of Tramore and instead of flowers of sweet remembrance place thereon a bunch of hemlock?

But we should be sorry, indeed, to appeal only to the hearts of the electors of Waterford. This is no mere question of tender memory of the dead. The ultimate freedom and peace and prosperity of Ireland today hang in the balance. What, under heaven, asked Wm. O'Brien on Sunday, and his question was repeated by John Dillon at Ennis, what are we now divided for? We will tell them. We are divided because union under their conditions would not alone be dishonorable, but because it would be a danger to the cause of Irish liberty. We are divided because it is essential that there should be a strong and intelligent body of public opinion in Ireland bound by no ties and no engagements to the party which proposes to give us our parliament. We are divided because since the death of our leader we have no force and no influence but our independence and our determination to maintain it, to keep it day and night before the minds of English trickster politicians, Whig and Tory, that Ireland demands and will secure a genuine Home Rule bill, something to satisfy our aspirations for true national life, something that will warrant the experiment of endeavoring to draw the best men of all creeds and classes in our country into the councils of an Irish legislature.

The policy outlined by Messrs O'Brien and Dillon in the name of "Union" is, no doubt, fair complexioned and pleasing to the eye. But we cannot help thinking that it amounts in practice to a proposal that we should all go together to the Elysian fields or to the—devil. It does not seem to matter which is our destination, so as we all go in a body. We cannot subscribe to that policy. "Would it not be better," wrote John Morley, "to have a divided Ireland with Mr. Parnell than a united Ireland without him?" So we ask the electors of Waterford is it not better to have a divided representation with even a few honest men prepared to speak the truth at all hazards when the time comes, than a united party, if under Dillon or O'Brien, to go as one man to hell or heaven, according as to whether the wind blows from the northeast or from the southwest? This, said Mr. Parnell to the people of Waterford, "is not a question of Home Rule or no Home Rule, but it is a question of a large and great measure of self government which will enable the Irish people to really govern themselves in matters of domestic and Irish concern, while impairing no English interest or injuring no imperial power or right. That is the position which Ireland takes up, and, fellow countrymen, the alliance of no English party is worth your consideration which is not sufficiently powerful to carry such a settlement; for any other would only end in disappointment, in bitterness, in renewed strife between the two nations."

We ask the electors of Waterford to remember these weighty words. They were spoken to them by one who never deceived them, whose honor they could trust, whose wisdom was acknowledged by the world. Another voice than this from the grave tells them a new tale, that Ireland should be contented with what she gets. "I for one," said Mr. Davitt at Bandon, "will be perfectly satisfied to take all that the English Liberal party, the British democracy, offer us." Are the electors of Waterford satisfied also? Are they willing to vote for Mr. Davitt, who is prepared to shut his eyes and follow whither Gladstone leads? Or will they not rather prefer the healthful suspicion of English "friends" inculcated by the Irish leader on a thousand platforms, and vote for the man who speaks to them in his great name? Mr. John Redmond represents the Irish National idea. He is today the embodiment of the tradition that the Englishman has never made friends with us but to betray. He advises Waterford to beware of the Saxon smile. He appeals to her to vindicate her great leader, Charles S. Parnell, and her noble member, Richard Power. But, above all, he calls upon the electors of this brave old city to endorse, as they did in their town hall in January last with thunderous voice, the sentiment expressed by the Irish chief when he said that we were willing to make peace with England, but that "the Irish members and the Irish people are not willing to become the puppets, in the name of self government and under the protection and shadow of a mock parliament, of any imperial authority or any outside influence." And the electors of Waterford will answer the call, like the true men they are.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs, and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," the Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN will enter upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1862:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate"; or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$2 50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members..... $2.00 each.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

How Ladies Can Make Money.

There are so very few ways a lady can make money and so few chances open to us, that I know all you lady readers will be interested in hearing of my success in plating watches, tableware and jewelry. I make from $10 to $20 per week, and my customers are delighted at my work. It is surprising how easy a lady can take a plating machine and plate old knives, forks and spoons. This machine plates with either nickel, silver or gold and will generally plate any of these articles in a few minutes. I hope my experience will be as profitable to your lady readers as Mrs. Wilson's was to me. Anybody can get a plating machine by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. The plater sells for $5, or you can get circular by addressing this firm. MRS. C. WYMEN.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

BY ROBERT DWYER JOYCE, M.D.

Published by request on account of the Waterford election.

In comes the captain's daughter,
The captain of the Yeos,
Saying: "Brave United man,
We'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll give you,
And fly from home with thee,
And dress myself in man's attire,
And fight for liberty!"
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right good will,
To see our friends and neighbors
That were at Vinegar Hill.
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go;
He slapped into Lord Mountjoy—
A tyrant he laid low.
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land.

We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross and Gorey town;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubber'neering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us—
Of them we had no fear;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmalier!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

My curse upon all drinking,
It made our hearts full sore;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost ever more;
And if, for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

A NEGLECTED POET.

Some Account of William Allingham, Author of "Lovely Mary Donnelly," and Other Beautiful Irish Love Songs.

Of all recognized Irish poets, William Allingham is at once the most delicate and the least read on this side of the water. To most Irishmen and women he is merely the author of "Fairies," or of some other stray lyric which has drifted into our ballad collections. In England he is becoming better known, and now, two years after his death, Messrs. Reeves and Turner have completed the collected edition of his works by the addition of "Thought and Word," and "Blackberries." These six little books, with their vellum backs and illustrations by Dante Rossetti, and Millais, and their advertisement of more expensive editions on luxe paper, have all the signs of being addressed to the assured public, who will both read their Allingham and pay for him, too. It is time for us over here to claim him as our own, and give him his due place among our sacred poets; to range his books beside Davis, and Mangan, and Ferguson; for he, too, sang of Irish scenes and Irish faces.

He was the poet of Ballyshannon, though not of Ireland; perhaps that is the reason why we have not known more of him. His feeling was local and not national, and we have now such dire need for all our national fire that we have had but little time or thought for any narrower inspiration. Yet, certainly, we have been wrong to neglect this. "Irish Songs and Poems," the first volume of his collected works, should be on all Irish bookshelves. In it is enshrined that passionate devotion that so many Irishmen feel for the little town where they were born, and for the mountains they saw from the doors they passed through in childhood. It should be dear to our exiles, and grow a new link in the chain that binds them to their native land. Some day, when copyrights have lapsed, it will be reprinted for a few pence, I doubt not, and grow dear and familiar to many of our sea wandering and land traversing people. Its author will take his place among that band of poets whose swift shuttles weave about us a web of tender affection and spirited dreams. He will always, however, be best loved by those who, like the present writer, have spent their childhood in some small western seaboard town, and who remember how it was for years the centre of their world, and how its enclosing mountains and its quiet rivers became a portion of their life for ever. How kindly in their ears will ever sound Allingham's lines—

"A wild west coast, a little town
Where little folk go up and down,
Tides flow and winds blow,
Human wile and human fate,
Night and tempest and the sea,
What is little, what is great?
Howsoe'er the answer be
Let me sing of what I know."

The greater part of his life was spent there "where the little folk go up and down," and for them he printed many of his poems on broad sheets that had so wide a circulation that the government gave him a small pension on the ground of their value as education for the people. It is well to remember these broad sheets, for they prove his genuine wish to be considered an Irish poet, and not a mere cosmopolitan choosing his themes from Ireland, as he might choose them in another way from Kamskchatka. One song of his, "Kate of Ballyshannon," was often sung by the peasantry. It is one of the deftest of Irish mock serious songs—

"One summer's day, the banks were gay,
The Erne in in sunshine glancin' there,
The big cascade its music play'd
And set the salmon dancin' there.
Along the green my joy was seen;
Some goddess bright I thought her there;
The fishes, too, swam close to view
Her image in the water there.
From top to toe, where'er you go,
The loveliest girl of any, O,
Ochone! your mind I find unkind,
Sweet Kate o' Ballyshannon, O!

"My dear, give ear!—the river's near,
And if you think I'm shammin' now,
To end my grief I'll seek relief
Among the trout and salmon now;
For shrimps and sharks to make their marks,
And other watery vermin there;
Useless a mermaid saves my life,
My wife and me her merman there.
From top to toe," etc.

The Ballyshannon poems contain many much more serious and beautiful things than these dancing verses, such as the well known "Fairies" and "The Winding Banks of Erne" which is known through being included in sparkling Irish minstrelsy, and "Lovely Mary Donnelly," which has found its way into the ballad books. Two hundred years hence these songs of his may have turned Ballyshannon into one of the spots held sacred by literary history, and traveling Germans and Americans will think it would "discredit their travel" to have come to Ireland and not gone there. A mild light of imagination will shine upon its streets such as shines where a Herbeit, or a Crashaw, or a Herrick lived and laboreu.

When I wrote a while since that Allingham's poems should be included in the books recommended by the council of the Young Ireland League to the projected village libraries, I had the first volume, "Irish Poems," in my mind. Those who care to know his genius more perfectly should add to it the third volume, "Flower Fancies," for the sake of the poems called "Day and Night Songs." A few of them have to do with Ireland, but most are expressions of personal feeling, like that most exquisite of all his lyrics, "Twilight Voices," wherein he sings of the coming of old age, and of the mysterious voices that call to him "out of the dimness vague and vast," of the unknown world beyond the tomb. They need not concern themselves—unless they be very ardent readers—with the other volumes; for, though they contain one or two fine things, they were written for the most part either after Allingham had left Ballyshannon for London, and lost his inspiration, or before he had found it, or are merely reprints of long poems like "Laurence Bloomfield," and for long poems he had no faculty. When he had to deal with a large subject the inherent limitation of his mind marred all. He is essentially a poet of the accidental and fleeting—of passing artistic moments. The pilot's daughter in her Sunday frock, the sound of a clarionet through the ruddy window of a forge, the fishers drawing in their nets with a silver wave of salmon—these are his true subject matter. He had no sense of the great unities—the relations of man to man, and all to the serious life of the world. It was this that kept him from feeling Ireland as a whole; from writing of the joys and sorrows of the Irish people, as Davis, and Ferguson, and Mangan have done, and from stirring our blood with great emotions. Had he felt the unity of life, he, with his marvelous artistic faculty, could have given us long poems that would be really alive; but, not feeling it, the best he could do was "Laurence Bloomfield," with its fine pictures of detached things, and its total failure as an Irish epic of the land troubles. But let us be grateful for what he has given us. If he was no national poet, he was, at any rate, no thin blooded cosmopolitan, but loved the hills about him and the land under his feet.—*United Ireland. Dec* 12

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 6:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 4:40 p m. St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:25 p. m, and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul. Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

POET AND QUEEN.

(A Fairy Legend of Ancient Ireland.)

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

PART I.

They sat that day within a rustic bow'r
Beside their royal home on Shannon's banks,
The king and queen of Munster. It was noon
When silence swooned suspended in mid air,
And in the heart of summer's heat the birds
Hushed their sweet songs, and all the radiant flow'rs
Drooped slumbering. Another flow'r, Edain,
Queen Rose of all, lay languid in repose,
Her head reclining on the massive breast
Of Beth, her lord and spouse, whose long, white beard,
Commingling with her raven tresses, looked
A drift of snow lost in a forest gloom.
Beth had grown old in war. Grim war had slain
His stalwart sons, his daughters fond and fair,
And his first queen. Alone within these walls,
And chilled by solitude, he bade his knights
Bring him the loveliest maiden in the land
To shed a new born fragrance on his heart,
To cheer him for the loss of his first spouse,
To take the old love's vacant chair beside the throne,
To care him in his closing years, and save
The royal house of Munster from the doom
Of dree and death by giving it an heir.
And so they brought him Edain, whose white hand
He took in his, as Druids spoke the word
That made her bride of him for evermore—
His lawful spouse and queen.

A beauty rare
Was winsome Edain's in its calm repose—
A sweet gazelle and timid antelope
In shy reserve and faultless grace of gait;
A wealth of blue black ringlets o'er a brow
As white as Alpine boulder; l'quid eyes
Half hidden by silk lashes, like to reeds
Low bending o'er a laughing limpid stream:
Deep orbs that gleamed like diamonds in the sun,
A beauteous lake whose glassy surface shone
Alive with light and opalescent gems;
Down in those eyes dwelt tenderness and youth,
And love, the crown of woman in her bloom;
Her lips all rich with purple fruit were sweet
As ripest grapes in vineyards of the south;
A peach glow stole along the satin crest
Of her fair face, whose alabaster skin
Was whiter than the marble of Paros,
While all the lily glories of her breast,
Her lithe and sylph-like figure and the wealth
Of bounteous life pulsating through her veins
Proclaimed her queen quite worthy of her lord.

While with her willowy arms round his neck
She lay upon his bosom in the peace
Of that mid noon, calm as a child at rest
Whose guileless soul knows not the face of guilt,
He trembling stooped and pressed his war worn lips
Uxoriously on hers—proud of the prize
Now his.

And as the music of the kiss
Stole through the bow'r, soft as a silver peal
Heard far away, a footstep at the gate
Slow rustled, and a youth, tall, debonnair,
Before the royal consorts stood and bowed.
A wandering bard was he with harp in hand,
A shock of auburn ringlets crowned his head
And o'er his shoulders fell in golden spray;
His eyes were dreamy blue, his polished hands
Were wee and whitea s woman's; yet his frame
Was firm as oak, well knit and sinewy.
Oh, strength and grace had made a knight of him,
A soldier bard—a singing chevalier!

"Good sire," he cried, "such beauty as your queen's
Hath sped in fame around the isle. I came
To feast mine eyes, with thine good will upon
That peerless grace which might call forth a lay
From one of Eire's *fleas*, tempting him
To tune his harp in honor of the fair."
And while his tap'ring fingers on the chords
Made music sweet as that of angel choirs,
And words, hot with the lava of a speech
Wrought in the nectared Gaelic, rushed from lips
That parted in the ecstacy of song,
Speaking the praises of the beauteous queen,
Her soft cheeks blushed to crimson, and her eyes,
Bedewed with tears, wept their sweet thanks to him;
And all the birdies caroled in their joy,
Knowing that she was pleased and joyful too!
And Beth himself stroked his frost smitten beard,
Feeling once more a boy; for oh the strains
Awoke the icy current of his blood,
Filling his heart with bliss!

And thus spake Beth:
"I like thy mien, O bard—give me thy hand,
Thou shalt partake mine hospitality
Mine Usquebaugh and rich brown Spanish wines,
For with thy song thou hast poured balm upon
The gentle soul of Edain who'se my queen.
Come let us play a game of chess, and he
Who wins will have to name a wished for prize
Which he who loses pledges to make good."
The pledge was duly ratified, and then
The king and bard fought o'er the chessboard there
For one brief hour, when fortune deigned to smile
Upon the singer. "Poet, name thy prize,
It shall be thine," Beth said, whereon the bard:
"The prize I wish is Edain, thine own queen!"

Dark grew the wintry features of the king—
Grim, dark as doom. Wild as the blast that shakes
The Galtee larches in its grasp, his breast
Heaved at the hearing of the fatal word.
His eyes flushed forth a lambent angry fire
Could blast the dewy verdure of the plains,
For he grew wroth that other lips than his
Might have a spouse's royal right to seal
Their imprint on his Edain's dainty mouth,
Or that another's hand with loving touch
Should press the raven ringlets on her brow,
Or hold her cheeks sweet captives in it's clasp.
Yet, oh, full soon a calm stole o'er his face,
And anger fled exorcised from his eyes—
The word he pledged should never be gainsaid,
The vows of Irish kings are sacred still—
Not to be idly broken; and so Beth
Spake huskily: "I keep my solemn pledge.
Take thou this prize which thou hast won at chess."

"Not yet, good sire—no not for one year more
Shall I make good my claim," the poet cried,
"Next summer when the roses are in bloom
I'll call the loveliest rose that Munster holds
Upon its teeming breast."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

OBITUARY.

MR. FRANK SCHROTH.

One of the best known and most kindly regarded citizens of the South Division passed rather suddenly and unexpectedly away last Sunday afternoon, at his residence, No. 202 Thirty fifth street, in the person of Mr. Frank Schroth. He was born in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, in 1850, and came to America in early manhood, after having served his time as a jeweler in his native town. He never pursued his profession in this country, preferring other pursuits. During the quarter of a century he had been in business in this city, he was invariably successful, and won, by his genial manners and strict integrity, the affection as well as the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He was extremely popular with his own fellow countrymen, and he had a very large circle of friends among all other elements. Mr. Schroth leaves a young widow and two children in comfortable circumstances. He was a member of the Brewers' Association, the Turner society, and a large number of benevolent organizations. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, from the residence to Oakwoods cemetery, and was attended by a vast concourse of people. About two hundred carriages were in line, and, as a special mark of respect, the cortege was permitted to proceed to the cemetery via Grand boulevard. It is not overstating the truth to say that no recent death in that section of the city created more profound regret than that of kindly, hospitable and generous Frank Schroth.

MRS MARGARET DALY.

Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

The Ballinrobe, county Mayo, Ireland, *Chronicle*, of Nov. 28, contained the following notice of the death of the mother of John Daly of Cable and Hugh Daly of Helena and Mrs. T. Ford of Stuart: "In this town, on Wednesday last, Mrs. Margaret Daly, an old and respected inhabitant of Ballinrobe, died. The lamented deceased, who had reached the fine old age of 96, was mother of the Rev Denis Daly, U.S.A., and Tom Daly, merchant, of this town, and throughout her long life her unaffected piety and kind, charitable demeanor were truly edifying. For the past few years she had been in the declining health attendant on her age, and was constantly consoled and fortified by the ministrations of religion. The funeral took place on Friday, when a large and most respectable gathering followed her remains to their last resting place in the Old Abbey burial ground."

MR JAMES MALONEY.

Mr James Maloney died at the residence of his nephew, Mr. M. Dooley, No. 108 W. Polk street, Christmas eve. He was 65 years of age, and as he was ill only a few days his death was sad and unexpected news to his many relatives and friends. Mr. Maloney was a native of Ballyhahill, County Limerick, Ireland, and a resident of Chicago for the past twenty-four years. His genial good nature and largeness of soul so characteristic of the true born Irishman won for him hosts of friends in the land of his adoption. His unexceptionally large funeral cortege amply testified that his many good qualities were fully appreciated. Mr. Maloney sympathized with all who were in trouble and never failed to endeavor to alleviate if possible the sufferings of a fellow man. His death is not only regretted by his immediate relatives, but by all who knew him. The pall-bearers were Ald. John Powers, John McGovern, Mr. Sagg, John Kennedy, John E. Bates, James Flavin, Joseph Bates and P. McElligott. The funeral occurred last Sunday from the residence to the Jesuit church and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. He has run his course, and we hope he has received his reward—Heaven. May he rest in peace.

THE EPHPHETA SOCIETY BALL.

The great charity ball of the Ephpheta society, given at Bournique's academy last Wednesday evening, was a magnificent success from every standpoint. It is stated by the officers of the society that $5,000 were realized for the education and maintenance of the afflicted mutes. This is certainly a noble return for charitable exertions, and all the officers of the society deserve the thanks of the public at large. All creeds and races are the same to the magnanimous Ephpheta society. Among those present at the ball were Messrs. and Mesdames P. J. Sexton, Alex. Adams, John Cooke, W. D. Kent, P. W. Snowhook, P. Rice, Roger Sullivan, M. J Neary, Harry Avery, W. V O'Brien, F. Henrotin, J. McDonald, W. P. Henneberry, Thomas Keeley, A. W. Green, Michael Shields, W. F. McLaughlin, John Cudahy, Morris Sellers, T. A. Moran, John T. Carroll, David Hogg, E. L. Burke, Willard Coe, Keane, M. O'Brien, T. Sullivan, Michael Cudahy, A. Eagle, D. F. Bremner, E. Baggot, Wm. O'Brien, T. J. Duffy, M. J. Carberry, C. T. Trego, M. J. Dunne, C. T Whitgreave, T. Barrett, S Dunne, John M Dandy, Jacob Wolford, W. O'Brien, J. B. Lynch, W. P. Rend, Z P. Brosseau, Wm. Nelson, T. J. Shay; Mesdames Mulligan, Copeland, Gen. Williams, O'Neill, George Prussing, M. Ryerson, Rossiter Kehoe, R W. Smith, Eagle; Misses Walsh, F. Duffy, Mamie Donohoe, Margaret Eagle, B. McDonald, L. Shaughnessy, T. Maloney, Dennison, Weadley, Mamie Duffy, Rebecca Gallery, Mary Higgins, Kate Hudson, Nellie O'Brien, Anna Schwartz, Delia Conley, Lynch, Graham, Schoenhofen, Lydia Donohoe, Eagle, Mabel Barry, Mamie Weldon, Mulligan, Sadie Hickey, McGrath, Lewis; Messrs. Adolph Henry, James Clowry, Fred Rappel, John J. Byrne, Thos. Meaney, John Gallery, Joe Rend, T. J. Walshe, John D. Farrell, Judge Scales, Dennis Leahy, Karl Buhl, J. Frank Duffy, Wm. F. Woods, Jas. Kehoe, Chas. Kehoe, Joseph F. Kelley, J. F. Ranaford, Harry Higgins, J. J Dalton, A Cummings, P. Gillespie, William Carroll, John Carroll, C. J. Weldon, Owen Trainor, John Gandor, Walter Eagle, John Eagle, Harry Hudson, P. T. Barry, Harry McDonald, Joseph McDonald, R Prindiville, John R. Walsh, Frank Kinsella, M. J. Keane, R. Morrison, Major Allyn, Guerin, Nish. Nelson, G. Schwartz, Wm. Meyer, Alex. Hannan, John Clifford, Judge Clifford, Edward Stubbs, J. J. Casey, Timothy D'Arcy, Wm. Fogarty, J. J. Corcoran, Chas. Dennehy, Thomas Dennehy, E J. Christoph, Martin Dawson, W. R. Mogg, Dennis Graham, Jas. T. Healy, T Prindiville, Dr. Murphy, W. Hesing, A. Brosseau, Chas. Winslow, Paul McEwen, Newton, Coxe, Dan Murphy, John Holland, W. J. English.

Literary Notes.

The article of the month which will attract the great circle of readers is one on "Phillips Brooks—His Youth, Early Manhood, and Work," in the January *New England Magazine*. The writer, the Rev. Julius H. Ward, is an intimate of the great preacher, and this is the first time that any magazine has given anything like an adequate account of the man or a real estimate of his work. Mr. Ward's article is finely illustrated with portraits of Bishop Brooks as a boy, as a student at college, at 30 years of age, and at date; it also contains sketches of his churches and homes in Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere. It is one of the best as well as one of the most popular articles this enterprising young magazine has yet published. Prof. C. M. Woodward of Washington University, St. Louis, writes a long article on "The City of St. Louis," which is illustrated by Ross Turner, the famous Boston impressionist artist, and others. It is an article which will interest readers East and West, for St Louis has had a romantic history. "Mice at Eaves ropping" is a pleasant little sketch illustrated by A S Cox. Another of Phillip Bourke Marston's posthumous poems, "Tis Better to have Loved and Lost," finds a place and is well worthy of it. Winfield S. Nevins continues his "Stories of Salem Witchcraft." Walter Blackburn Harte writes a strong condemnation of the growing custom of trading upon the names of famous literary men by commonplace offspring and relatives. S Q Lapius contributes a fine poem, "The Gray Dawn." Edith Mary Norris has a powerful and pathetic story of the good old days of witchcraft, called "A Salem Witch." Charlotte Perkins Stetson contributes a story called "The Yellow Wall paper," which is very paragraphic and very queer generally. One of Phillips Brooks' finest sermons on Abraham Lincoln is reproduced, with a commentary upon it by Mr. Mead. A number of other poems and sketches complete a very interesting number.

In the January *Arena*, Hamlin Garland's much talked of novel of the modern West opens brilliantly. The publishers of the *Arena* claim that this will be "the great American novel," and certainly it bids fair to be by far the strongest work that has yet come from the pen of the brilliant "novelist of the West," though this is saying much, as those who have read "Main Traveled Roads" and "Jason Edwards" will admit. This issue also contains strong papers by Alfred Russell Wallace on "Human Progress: Past and Future"; Prof. A. N. Januaris, Ph. D., of the University of Greece, Athens, on "Mohammedan Marriage and Life"; "Henry Wood, on "The Universality of Law"; Ex Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon, on "Louisiana and the Levees"; D. G. Watts, on "Walt Whitman"; Charles Schroder, on "What is Buddhism?" and several other able papers. The *Arena* fully maintains its brilliant reputation and should be in the homes of all thoughtful people.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS
At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business December 2, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$7,722,928.46
Overdrafts secured and unsecured.		14,155.60
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds, par value		186,760.00
Due from National banks	$1,390,733.76	
Due from State banks and bankers	397 354 99	
Exchanges for clearing house	679 492 86	
Bills of other banks	26,500 00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	2 899 73	
Specie	1,372 900.00	
Legal-tender notes	228,500 00	
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal tender	400 000 00	
		4,497,481.33
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 5 per cent of circulation		2,250.00
Due from U.S Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund		14 000.00
Total		$12,496,905.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		800,000.00
Undivided profits		214,987.36
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		442.50
Individual deposits subject to check	$6,230,732.17	
Demand certificates of deposit	640 757 73	
Certified checks	124 212 26	
Cashier's checks outstanding	39 955 88	
Due to other National banks	2,310,307.35	
Due to State banks and bankers	993 571 54	
		10,439,996.76
Total		$12,496,905.79

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.—I, William A. Hammond, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. WM. A. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of December, 1891.
ARNOLD HEAP, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: WM. H. BRADLEY, CHAS. R. CORWITH, GEO. SCHNEIDER, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK,
At the Close of Business Dec. 2, 1891.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts		$4 275,516.52
Overdrafts		1,615.00
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000 00
Other bonds on hands		270,636.25
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$1,691,843.06	
Due from banks	1,396,429.88	
Checks for Clearing	262,306 25	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	23,950 00	
		3 374,529.19
Total		$7,972,291.96

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits		66,819.96
Bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Individual deposits	5,998,610.26	
Due banks	861,870.66	6,860,480.92
		$7,972,291.96

DIRECTORS.
F. MADLENER, FRED W. PECK,
ADOLPH LOEB, J. R. WALSH,
HENRY H. NASH, WILLIAM COX,
ANDREW McNALLY.

J. R. WALSH, President.
H. H. NASH, Vice President.
WILLIAM COX, Cashier.
F. M. BLOUNT, Ass't Cashier.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
First National Bank of Chicago,
At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Dec. 2, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$16,897,802.16
Overdrafts		5,067.05
United States bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
U. S. bonds on hand		45 850 00
Other stocks, bonds and mort. loans		930,000.00
Banking house and other real estate		650,000.00
Due from other National banks	$2,408,123.79	
Due from State banks ank bankers	2,019 480.09	
Checks and other cash items	2.169.68	
Exchanges for clearing house	1,787,328.00	
Bills of other banks	350,000 00	
Fractional paper currency nickels and pennies	8,183 22	
Specie	5 620 833 00	
Legal tender notes	1 750 000.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund	23 000.00	
		13,941,307.19
Total		$32,320,716.92

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$3,000 000.00
Surplus fund		2,000,000.00
Undivided profits		1,072,124.19
Dividends unpaid		576.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$11,779,049.50	
Demand certificates of deposit	956 960 21	
Certified checks	279 424.61	
Cashier's checks outstanding	563 672.50	
Due to other National banks	7,719,876 34	
Due to State banks and bankers	4 949,033 57	
		26 248,616.73
Total		$32,320,716.92

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss. I, R. J. Street, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
R. J. STREET, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of December, 1891.
OTTO KASTRUP, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: LYMAN J. GAGE, A. A. CARPENTER, NORMAN B. REAM, Directors.

Furniture, Stoves,
Carpets and Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS
ROBERT P. BATES.
MASON, ENNIS & BATES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO.

TO JESSIE'S DANCING FEET.

How, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do tiny light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro
Their winding mazes turn:
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn;
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something when you dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and filmy laces in
A swirl around thee flow!
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that's crossed
Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot;
Thus show the silver grayness of
Thy steelings' silken sheen,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider from his web
Dangles in light suspense,
Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb
Sway my enraptured sense!
Thy flutt'ring face, thy dainty airs,
Thy every charming pose—
There are not more alluring snares
To bind me with than those.
Swing out! Sway on! With easy grace
Thy witching steps repeat!
The love I dare not—to thy face—
I offer at thy feet.

—W. D. Ellwanger in Century.

SUPERSTITION.

JUNE 8.

Late one evening Miss Genevieve Harrington, prima donna assoluta of the Cosmopolitan opera company, accompanied by a very proper and trim French maid, and a very improper and startling array of trunks, embarked upon the great steamship Westmoreland, outward bound.

Upon the same ship Mr. Henry Winthrop set foot some minutes later.

Everybody knew Mlle. Genevieve. Her wonderful voice and her pretty self had taken the operatic world by storm.

Nobody knew Harry—he was only a tall young man, fresh from college, with his triumphs all before him.

The very first sensation that Harry felt on awakening the following morning was one of much pain.

The upper deck was drenched with water. Blinding sheets of spray were sweeping over the rails and coursing in little streams around the bulkhead.

Harry drew his mackintosh tighter around him, and crouching down under a lifeboat proceeded to light a cigarette. Match after match sputtered and went out. At last, after numberless unsuccessful attempts, a light was obtained and Harry settled down for a comfortable smoke.

"Oh!"

Harry leaped to his feet. What was that? With the instinct of an old football player, he bent down and braced himself firmly against the davits.

A bundle of waterproofs dashed across the sloping deck with a rapidity that would have made a cannon ball ashamed of its slowness, and precipitated itself fairly in his arms.

Two hands clasped the sleeve of his mackintosh. He looked down at them. Very pretty hands they were, small and white.

He studied the bundle of waterproofs more carefully. Yes, without doubt, it was a woman. More than that fact he could not learn—she was laughing. A pair of dark eyes looked up at him, then the lids drooped demurely over them.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he heard the voice say, "I hope I have not quite killed you. If you will release me now, I think I can get safely back."

"Release you, madam?" said Harry in a melancholy tone. "Release you! No! You would be swept overboard, and I would never forgive myself. Cling to me, despite my years I am still strong, and I will rescue you."

"But I don't want to be rescued," persisted the voice. "Or, if you will, take my arm instead of my—my waist."

"Madam," said Harry, removing his cap with his unoccupied hand, "forgive me. In the confusion of the moment I only thought of stopping your mad rush to destruction. Had you gotten by me and reached the goal my reputation as full back would have been ruined."

A few minutes later they were seated on the lee side of the cabin out of the reach of the wind and spray.

"Pray let me introduce myself. I am Harry Winthrop," began that enterprising young person.

"And I am Genevieve Harrington. I've seen you before. One evening not long ago you sat in the right hand box of the Cosmopolitan."

Harry smiled benignly. "Yes, and last fall you sat on the tallyho I slid under when we lost the ball. Isn't it queer you noticed me, though, in the theater? Do you know what I was thinking of? I'd have given my head to have known that you knew I was there. Couldn't throw you any flowers, you know, because I didn't have any money to get them with. Never do have much."

"Yes," said Genevieve dreamily, "I knew you were there. I'll never forget how afraid I was when you threw yourself under the frightened horses just to get that miserable football. I was happy, too, afterward when you won the game by your long run. My! How they did cheer, didn't they?"

"Lunch is served for the first table," shouted the deck steward, thrusting his head out of the cabin door.

Harry jumped to his feet. "Will you let me take you down, Miss Harrington? I'm awfully afraid I have been boring you to death, but when I get started—won't you pledge friendship with me in a little champagne?" he said earnestly. "I'd like to be your friend."

"But I never drink anything at all."

"Neither do I," laughed Harry. "Let's shake hands anyway." Genevieve laid her hand in his, and the impulsive young couple went down to dinner.

As Harry said long afterward, "that dinner settled it." A few miserable faced people were at the tables, every now and then a person would enter the saloon with the grim determination to get through that meal or die.

But they did neither. Nature would mercilessly assert its sway, and they would slink hastily back to their staterooms. Looks of hatred were cast at the laughing trio at the captain's table. But they were not heeded.

The captain spun out long sea yarns to his heart's content. Genevieve poured out the captain's tea, and Harry put in his time by being ridiculously happy.

JUNE 14, 1:37 P. M., ET SEQUITUR.

Harry looked on moodily. Miss Harrington was lying lazily back in her chair, shading herself from the rays of the hot sun with a dainty parasol.

She was literally surrounded by young men of all kinds and ages, but all of them in the same condition of servitude. One of them was occupied in violently fanning her. Another was so much afraid she would catch cold that he covered her carefully over with a great steamer rug.

Unembarrassed by these many attentions, Genevieve was looking at the tall figure of Winthrop as he leaned against the cabin some distance away from the group, and eyed her many admirers with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop." The clear voice broke in upon Harry's meditations.

"You called me, Miss Harrington?"

"Yes. Come over and talk to me. I want your advice. Mr. Thorndyke was just saying that he thought my parasol was a decided red. Do you think it is?"

Mr. Thorndyke's face contracted with such a sudden look of surprise that his eyeglass fell into his lap. "But, my dear Miss Harrington, I never said anything of the sort; I assure you I was thinking"——

"It is too late to retract now," retorted Genevieve saucily. "If you didn't say it, you were going to. Now, I don't think it's a bit gaudy."

The look on Harry's face at that moment was more grave than even the Sphynx could boast of. "That's what the monkey remarked when he painted his tail blue," he ventured politely. "Not a bit gaudy."

He examined the offending parasol with a critical eye. "No, not a bit gaudy. It only needs a touch or two of veronese green to make it absolutely quiet."

"Awful boor, that man, isn't he?" whispered Mr. Thorndyke confidentially.

Genevieve looked at him calmly.

"Do you think so? You don't need to fan me any more. I'm nearly frozen to death, and I can't bear this great thick rug over me; I'm too warm now; and if you ever say such a thing again I'll—I'll box your ears. Give me your arm, Mr. Winthrop. I want to walk."

A disconsolate group of men watched her in surprised silence as she rose, took Harry's arm and moved proudly away.

"What an air she has!" exclaimed one of them admiringly.

"Yes," assented the collapsed Mr. Thorndyke sadly, "but it is air in motion; violent motion too. Regular whirlwind, I say." The group adjourned to the smoking room.

Genevieve turned suddenly to Harry. "What made you say such bad things to me?" she asked reproachfully.

They walked on a minute in silence.

"Because," said Harry, "I'm a fool. Genevieve—Miss Harrington—no, I'm going to call you Genevieve. You'll laugh at me, I know. I'm awfully young, disgracefully young, in fact. I don't know very much, I suppose, and I haven't any money, and I can't do anything; but—but I'm terribly in love with you. And I suppose I'll grow older some day, and I'll work until I'm rich"——

"I don't want you to be rich, Harry. I wouldn't like you half so well that way."

"And I don't want you to like me," retorted this straightforward young man; "I want you to love me. Do you?"

Genevieve rested her pretty head on one side. "Sometimes I almost think I do," she answered softly. "Oh, Harry, how could you? There's that awful Mr. Thorndyke looking right at us, and I know he saw you."

"Saw me kiss you? Oh, you may as well say it. You don't care, do you? I'll kill him if you want me to. Say, Genevieve, I think you're awfully pretty."

"So do I," replied Miss Harrington. She looked uncertainly at her somewhat impetuous admirer. Her lips were smiling tremulously, but there shone a grave light in her eyes.

"Harry," she said suddenly, "I'm going to run away now. Come to me this evening—I've a long story to tell you," and before he could remonstrate she had slipped away.

JUNE 17, EVENING.

"Can I light a cigarette, Genevieve? I'm prosaic, I know, but you see I was so happy I just forgot what I was doing, and I ate a terribly big dinner, and I'm afraid"— Harry looked questioningly through the dim light at his companion.

"Isn't this jolly?" he continued, after a minute. "All alone by ourselves, and the propeller going kerthump, kerthump, down below us. Just look at the path the ship makes. It almost seems as if you could walk right out there and come to the end of the world.

"But I forgot, you're going to tell me a story, ain't you? Do you know I could sit and listen to that voice of yours forever? Well?"

"Once on a time, in the old days of witchcraft, there lived in a cabin down by the sea an old woman and her son, a fisherman, and her little daughter.

"Up on the top of a high cliff, not far away, stood the thriving village of B——. In that village dwelt an old man, honest and cruel, feared by all, loved by none. He was called Judge Winthrop.

"Now the young fisherman was brought into court for committing some petty crime, and the judge condemned him to death. Long did the mother plead, but all in vain, for the judge abided by his decision and would not yield.

"Then in her anger and grief she cursed him. The judge laughed at her, for he was never superstitious. But one day, long afterward, his son received a slight scratch on the arm, and the blood came forth from it in little red streams that nothing could stop. In a few hours he was dead. He had—had bled to death.

"Years passed away and generations succeeded each other; every male descendant of the fated house met with a like death.

"Harry, I—yes, I—Genevieve, the woman that you say you love, am descended from the woman who cursed"—

"My family?" Harry had risen to his feet and was leaning against the balustrade. "My father died when I was very young. I can't remember him, and yet I have heard of the old tradition. Bosh. There can't be any truth in a thing like that. Why, I'll prove it. Look"——

He thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a knife— "I'll just jab myself in the arm a little and see"——

"Don't," cried Genevieve. "Oh, Harry, you will"— The blood spurted from Winthrop's wrist.

"There," he said calmly throwing his cigarette over the stern of the ship, "we'll find out in a few minutes anyway. Do you know"——

"I know that you are breaking my heart," sobbed Genevieve as she endeavored to cover the injured wrist with her two hands.

"Oh, I say, that isn't fair," remonstrated Harry, pushing her away from him gently. "Let it bleed awhile."

Genevieve knelt down beside him. "Harry, dear Harry, let me bind it up."

She struggled with his arm; she might as well have tried to move a rock. A sense of helplessness came over her, she buried her face in her hands—and waited. The ship gave a sudden plunge, she lost her balance and fell forward, her head struck heavily against the railing.

Genevieve opened her eyes slowly and looked up. Harry's anxious face was bending over her.

"Where am I?" she murmured drowsily. "How my head pains. Why, how do you"— She started up with a sudden cry. "Is it bleeding, Harry?"

"Bless me, I had forgotten all about it," he answered. "Why, no; it's stopped."—Boston Globe.

Experiment Stations.

The first agricultural experiment station in this country was established by Connecticut in 1875. The example was soon followed elsewhere. The appropriation by congress of $15,000 per annum to each of the states and territories which have established agricultural colleges or agricultural departments of colleges has led to the establishment of new stations or the increased development of stations previously established under state authority, until there are now agricultural experiment stations in operation in all the states and territories except Montana and Idaho. During the year new stations have been established in Wyoming, Oklahoma and Washington. Of the fifty-five stations in the United States, fifty receive their support wholly or in part from the United States treasury. The results and processes of their experiments are given to the public not only in the station bulletins and reports, but also in thousands of newspapers and other periodicals.

A Dog's Memory.

The following, remarkable at all events as a feat of memory, was told by the owner of an Irish water spaniel. His master was out walking with him at the beginning of the long frost in 1883, which set in about the middle of January. He went on a frozen milldam, where of course the water was very deep, and accidentally dropped his snuffbox through a little round hole in the ice. The dog was dreadfully distressed at not being able to get it, but was obliged to go home with its owner, who thought no more about the matter. Two months afterward, when the frost had gone, he and the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the spot where the box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a minute, then plunged in, dived to the bottom and returned with the snuffbox in his mouth.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Ain't It?

"Children ask a great many more questions than we can answer," remarked the school teacher the other evening. "There's a boy, for instance, in my school to whom I have been trying to teach the alphabet, but he is very slow to learn. The other day when I had him up he persisted in calling F S, and at last, provoked by his stupidity, I said to him: 'Now, you've called F S a half dozen times, and I don't want you to do it again. F isn't S, never was and never will be.'

"'Why ain't it?' he asked innocently, and to this day I am unable to answer that question entirely to my own satisfaction, and certainly not to the boy's."—Detroit Free Press.

Profitable Training.

There is a farmer who lives in Kansas who has learned a thing or two and makes a practical use of his knowledge. He owns a farm between the tracks of the Santa Fe and Central Branch railroads at the point where they diverge, about three miles outside of Atchison. The farmer also owns a dog which he has trained to run out and bark at passing trains. The trainmen look for the dog regularly and hurl coal at him. The farmer then goes out and gathers up the coal. He has not bought any fuel for a long time.—Chicago Mail.

Few Gold Coin Counterfeits.

Nearly all the counterfeit coins afloat are silver pieces. As the whole process of making gold coins is more expensive than making silver ones, so it is more expensive to counterfeit gold than silver coins. There are always a good many counterfeit silver dollars floating about, although during the last few years there has been no perceptible increase of them. There are comparatively few spurious gold pieces out.—Interview in New York Epoch.

Poor and Worthy.

"Rastus, do you know of any poor and worthy woman to whom I can send a turkey?"

"Yath, Mars' George."

"Who is she?"

"My wife, Mars' George. She's powerful poor 'n monstrous worthy, sah."—Harper's Bazar.

ENJOYING OLD AGE.

POETS AND STATESMEN WHO HAVE LIVED LONG AND WELL.

Men with Varied Occupations Find More Enjoyment in Declining Years Than Business Men, Because Their Brain Tissue is Developed in More Ways.

Sir James Crichton-Browner has enumerated instances of long lived persons possessing all their faculties unimpaired, and opened up a subject full of interest and which even the large space occupied by his address did not allow him fully to develop. It seems a physiological law that the functions of the body must be kept in exercise in order to maintain their efficiency, and it is as true of the body as of the mill or any other machine that it will rust out from disuse sooner than wear out by employment.

The fact is constantly observed in persons engaged in commercial pursuits, who retire at the age of sixty and then fall into rapid decay, while professional men remaining at work preserve their vigor often for another twenty years. It is a sad thing to see the nerve centers decay, with a corresponding weakness of body and mind, but it is still sadder to witness, with a wrinkling of the skin, a corresponding shrinking of the brain, allowing vanity and some of the weakly passions, which had been kept in suppression, to come again to the fore.

How different is the spectacle when the organ is kept in its integrity by constant use, and the mental faculties preserved in all their pristine force. We have only to look around and to see our poets, bishops, judges, ministers of state and medical men long lived and still in mental vigor while working at their respective avocations. Very remarkable, too, is it that, as Sir James Crichton-Browne observed, the freedom of language will remain as good as ever; an example of this was observed but lately in a discussion on the London university questions, when two of the most logical and well expressed speeches were made by octogenarians.

OLD AGE SHOULD NOT BE UNHAPPY.

We can at the present time point to statesmen and lawyers of great age still before the public; as not long ago we could see Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst and others. In former times we may remember Newton living to be eighty-five, while Sophocles is said to have lived to be ninety, and Plato not much short of this. It is clear that hard work does not kill. The toil, however, must be genial and diversified. The man of business often has no occupation besides his breadwinning, whereas a medical man has a variety of subjects to interest him.

A speaker at the international congress showed by experiments upon school children, when three or four sums in arithmetic were given in succession, that each sum showed an inferiority to the previous one, both in correctness and as regards the time in which it was completed. The one faculty employed was gradually exhausted, a fresh piece of evidence showing the necessity for diversity of work. In the treatment of persons with mental trouble or worry the very worst method is to rely too much on what is called rest, meaning thereby leaving the patient without other employment than to brood over his sorrows. True rest to the mind is only to be obtained by the occupation of other faculties roused into action by new surroundings.

There is no reason why old age should not be as happy and as enjoyable as any other period of life. If old persons be asked as to the consciousness of age they will all with one consent declare that there exists nothing of the kind. An old person has a knowledge of his age in the same way as his friends; he sees it by looking in the mirror, by remembrance of past events or the loss of contemporaries, but he is not constantly carrying about with him the conviction or feeling that he is old; he is thus still able to occupy himself in the business and pleasures of life.

AUTHORITATIVE TESTIMONY.

Buffon spoke of his green old age as one of the happiest periods in his life, although the kind of pleasures then experienced are, of course, different from those of youth; and even when decay comes, and a man is becoming free from the remembrance of all earthly things, then, as Sir James Paget says (and no better example could be found of full mental activity by continual work), it may be so ordered on purpose that the spirit may be invigorated and undisturbed in the contemplation of the brightening future. Another writer, speaking of old age in reference to the decease of an eminent barrister, also maintained that the highest faculties are kept keen by constant exercise, and the brain vigorous by constant action and renewal.

The understanding has often been in the highest perfection in quite advanced old age, and that has been the best period of human life. It is the time when the rage and storm of passion have died away, when the jealousies and cares of a career have ceased and been forgotten, when memory lingers upon all that is bright and charming in the past, and when hope scatters her most glowing tints over a fast approaching future; or, in the words of Sir J. Crichton-Browne himself: "We are able to see in old age glimpses of the truth that its chief glory consists not in the remembrance of feats of prowess nor in the egotistic exercise of power, but in the conquest of peevish weakness, in the brightness of hope and in the discrimination of happiness around. Depend upon it, the best antiseptic against senile decay is an active interest in human affairs, and that those keep young longest who love most."—British Medical Journal.

Lost Anyhow.

Wife—And so you've failed and lost everything?

Husband (sadly)—Everything.

"I don't see why you couldn't have put your property in my name."

"I was afraid you'd never let me have any of it."—New York Weekly.

She Is Always Ready.

There are, as we all know—and too often assert—both men and women who are "all hands and feet." The man is simply pitied, but the woman—heaven help the woman! She is scolded, pecked at, sat down on by everybody to the fourth cousin and the third generation. She is next to a martyr. The bowels of our compassion fairly yearn when we picture the reveries of the tactless woman. In sheer eagerness to avoid contemplating her we seek her antipodes—the careful woman or the careful man.

Whether it is a merrymaking or the last sad rites; a picnic, a charity, a birth or a wedding, the precision exercised by certain careful men and women we have met is worthy of a monument. The provision is equal to all occasions, vanquishes all seasons. From the warming of a bed in the coldest night of the season to the laying on of a poultice, the exactness, the precision and provision of the man or woman who thinks of everything is so marked that it excites the admiration of the average, while the tactless one takes refuge in silence and can only look on dumbly. Should a fire startle the family in the early morning hours the caretaker, we are prepared to maintain, will be found with the right garments on ready to direct the hoseman just where to squirt, while the tactless one is tossing a hat box and a music box out of a window or carrying an armful of shoes down stairs.

Nothing short of an earthquake or tornado could disturb the equipoise of the caretaker of the family. He or she knows precisely where to put their hands on pins and matches in the dark. The woman never forgets to salt anything. The man never was known to fail to post the letter intrusted to him promptly. These are the people we defer to. If we had our way we would erect monuments to them and see to it that their virtues were engraved in a fitting manner.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"Fruit Manners."

"Fruit manners," as a girl aptly designates them, are a distinct department of table etiquette. Strawberries, hulled, are eaten with spoon or fork; unhulled, are taken in the fingers separately and daintily and dipped in sugar before being conveyed to the mouth. Apples, pears and peaches should be divided before being attempted in mouthfuls—although a ripe pear may be halved and eaten with a spoon. The same utensil should be employed with melon, though a fork which has one tine slightly broadened is often seen for this fruit. At English tables spoons are served for bananas as well, although when these are served as a single fruit course sherry or claret is usually sent around with the whole fruit. A few drops are poured on the plate, and the banana, stripped of its skin, is dipped in the wine and thus eaten.

Oranges seem to offer as many methods of eating as there are varieties of the fruit. The Florida fashion of halving it across the grain and taking out the juice and fine pulp with a dessert spoon is a neat way and gives one all the desirable part of the fruit; some eat an orange quite as daintily by tearing it in small sections and taking the fruit in mouthfuls; this method needs a little practice before being attempted at formal tables, as the inexperienced, with a juicy Havana or India river, speedily gets himself into trouble.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Feeding the Crowd at the World's Fair.

The visitors to the exposition will be fed. The study of how and where to feed the crowds at the big fair has been an incident of the work of the construction department for the past six weeks, and is as complete as possible. Food will be served in ten of the principal buildings in restaurants, private dining rooms and over lunch counters. There will be three characteristic lunch counters, twenty-seven principal restaurants or cafes, and in connection with them 115 dining rooms.

The supplies will issue from seventeen complete hotel kitchens, manned by an army of more than 1,000 waiters, cooks and scullions. The dining room will occupy above five acres of space, and it will be possible for above 3,000 people to sit at table at one time.—Chicago Woman's News.

If the Groom Washed His Hands.

In certain parts of Africa a custom once prevailed (and may still) of the intended bride bringing a bowl or calabash of water for the bridegroom to wash his hands in. If he condescended to do so she then and there acknowledged him as her lord and master, and moreover drank the water as a proof of her love and fidelity, and cases have been known where a copious shedding of tears of joy and thankfulness accompanied the latter act.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Buck and the Barbed Wire.

W. C. Green was coming across the country near Hereford, accompanied by others, when he came up with a large buck deer tangled up in the barbed wire of a neighboring fence. His horns were so completely tied up in the wire that it was with difficulty that they were extracted after a bullet had ended his life. He had evidently struggled for many hours to regain his liberty.—Tombstone (A. T.) Prospector.

Energy Almost Inaccessible.

It has been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which fills all space there are locked up 10,000 foot tons of energy which have hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man is a task which awaits the electrician of the future. The latest researches give well founded hopes that this vast storehouse of power is not hopelessly inaccessible.—Nature.

Asking for Information.

In Germany teachers are very poorly paid. At a teachers' festival somebody proposed the toast, "Long live our school teachers!"

"What on?" asked a cadaverous looking specimen rising in his seat.—Texas Siftings.

A CURIOUS OLD LABOR SYSTEM

In Pomerania Employers Have to Bid Against Each Other for Laborers.

The British consul at Stettin, in the course of a very interesting report on Pomerania generally, describes an Old World system of labor still to some extent prevailing there. There are two classes of laborers—the permanent (or Instleute) and the free laborers. The former, for the most part, are those who, having been born on the estate, remain on it all their lives, their contract with their employer being, however, renewable from year to year. Each family receives a free dwelling, consisting of two rooms, a kitchen, a loft and a cellar, also outhouses for pigs, goats, poultry, etc.

In land they receive 1,020 square yards for a garden, 2,550 square yards for potato and rye growing, 24 shillings yearly for firing and free carriage of fuel. In wages a healthy man receives 1s. 3d. daily from April 1 to Sept. 30, and 1 shilling daily from Oct. 1 to March 31. Each family is obliged to provide one "Hofganger," either boy or girl, to assist in work on the estate. They receive from their employer as wages from 3 pence to 7 pence per day, according to age.

The wife is not obliged to work in the fields, but she is expected to milk the cows, for which she receives from one to two quarts of milk per day. If she does work on the estate she receives 1 shilling per day from May 1 to Nov. 30, and is generally paid according to her value as a worker. The Instleute have opportunities of increasing their yearly wages by taking job work.

For example, in spring there is hoe work, in the summer harvesting and mowing, and in autumn gathering roots and fruit. For job work a man can sometimes earn as much as 3 shillings to 4 shillings extra per day; the wife and "hofganger" together, from 2 shillings to 3 shillings extra, or they may be paid in kind, as in wheat, hay, etc.

Should a family bring more laborers, these are paid and treated as free laborers. This system now only remains on a few of the larger estates. Free laborers are those who do not live on or belong to an estate and are under no obligations whatever to the estate holders. Their engagement during busy times is occasionally subject to keen competition between the various employers, and it is both interesting and amusing to see the agents (the wages on the various estates are often announced by the police officer stationed in the village) of various estate holders ringing their bells in the principal street of a village and declaring that they will give so much a day, and opposition agents overbidding each other, the laborers calmly awaiting results. But railway communication so rapidly extending, laborers from the south are able to finish work at the earlier crops in their own districts and yet be in ample time for the later harvesting in the north.

Thus the local laborer is now becoming of less value and this has had a tendency to lower wages to such an extent during winter and spring months that the village laborer is constantly seeking employment in the towns. Indeed, so difficult has it become to obtain laborers at harvesting times that some of the estate holders engage railway wagons to bring laborers from distant parts. These gangs of men and women are generally led by a head worker or "vorarbeiter," who receives the orders and the wages for the whole of his or her gang.

They are usually employed by the job. For weeding and potato gathering women are alone needed, and therefore gangs of women are often engaged separately. During the potato gathering season the little town of Kallies, in Pomerania, which is estimated to contain from three thousand to four thousand inhabitants, and where the people are celebrated as potato workers, is completely deserted, only the mayor and bellringer being left in the town. The people, who are all of the laboring class, go out to the harvest and potato gathering and are scattered all over Pomerania, leaving their houses locked and the keys in the hands of the mayor, as they often do not return for months.—London Times.

Lost His Aching Tooth.

David Randabaugh, who is reputed to be a veracious and prominent citizen of Mechanicsburg, O., relates a strange tale of personal experience. He says that the other night he went to bed with a raging toothache, and on waking in the morning he was startled to find his pillow and shirt bosom covered with blood and the offending tooth lying upon the bed clothing close by. He declares he had suffered no pain sufficient to awaken him during the night, and how the tooth became detached from his jaw remains a mystery. — Philadelphia Ledger.

To Toughen Glassware.

A simple method of toughening any glassware is to immerse it in a gallon pot of cold water in which a half cup of salt has been dissolved. Let the water boil thoroughly, then lift the kettle off the fire and allow it to become perfectly cold before you remove the glass. When the water is perfectly cold take out the glassware, wash it and wipe it dry. Glass treated in this way is protected against changes of temperature and sudden drafts, which, striking against a superheated lamp chimney, are liable to crack it.—New York Tribune.

And So Little After All.

A certain clergyman of Halifax, N. S., while addressing his congregation on the subject of the Prodigal Son, is said to have affected his hearers even more than he anticipated when, with tears in his eyes and pathos in his voice, he pictured the aged father, overjoyed at the return of his long lost boy, commanding them to bring forth and kill the little calf which had been fattening for years and years and years.—Harper's Bazar.

How One Man Speaks of His Child.

A baby is the member of the family that always cries when wanted to sleep, that always sleeps when wanted to keep awake, and invariably sulks when wanted to show off.—Cor. London Tit-Bits.

IN AN EGYPTIAN APARTMENT HOUSE.

Interesting Scenes in a Lodging Place in the City of Cairo.

The two rooms nearest us belonged to El Azhar students, so Mustapha said. He could speak no English, but he imparted the information in Arabic to our dragoman. Seeing that we were more interested in the general scene than in his red jugs, Mustapha left the Assiout ware to its fate, and lighting a cigarette seated himself on the railing with a disengaged air, as much as to say: "Two more mad women! But it's nothing to me."

One of the students was evidently an ascetic. His room contained piles of books and pamphlets, and almost nothing else. His one rug was spread out close to the front in order to get the light, and placed upon it we saw his open inkstand, his pens and a page of freshly copied manuscript. When we asked where he was, Mustapha replied that he had gone down to the fountain to wash himself, so that he could say his prayers.

The second chamber belonged to a student of another disposition; this extravagant young man had three rugs; clothes hung from pegs upon his walls, and he possessed an extra pair of lemon colored slippers; in addition we saw cups and saucers upon a shelf. Only two books were visible, and these were put away in a corner; instead of books he had flowers; the whole place was adorned with them; pots containing plants in full bloom were standing on the floor round the walls of his largely exposed abode, and were also drawn up in two rows in the passageway outside, where he himself, sitting on a mat, was sewing. His blossoms were so gay that involuntarily we smiled. Whereupon he smiled too, and gave us a salam.

Opposite the rooms of the students there was a large chamber almost entirely filled with white bales, like small cotton bales; in a niche between these high piles an old man kneeling at the threshold was washing something in a large earthenware tub of a pink tint. His body was bare from the waist upward, and as he bent over his task his short chest, with all the ribs clearly visible, his long brown back with the vertebræ of the spine standing out, and his lean, seesawing arms looked skeleton-like, while his head, supported on a small wizened throat, was adorned with such an enormous bobbing turban, dark green in hue, that it resembled vegetation of some sort—a colossal cabbage. Directly behind him, also on the threshold, squatted a large gray baboon whose countenance expressed a fixed misanthropy.

Every now and then this creature who was secured by a long loose cord ascended slowly to the top of the bales and came down on the other side, facing his master. He then looked deeply into the tub for several minutes, touched the water carefully with his small black hand, withdrew it and inspected the palm, and then returned gravely, and the same ridiculous way over the bales, to resume his position at the door-way looking as if he could not understand the folly of such unnecessary and dirty toil.

In another chamber a large very black negro, dressed in pure white, was seated upon the floor, with his feet stretched out in front of him, his hands placed stiffly on his knees, his eyes staring straight before him. He was motionless; he seemed hardly to breathe.

"What is he doing?" I said to the dragoman.

"He? Oh, he berry good man; he pray."

In a chamber next to the negro two grave old Arabs were playing chess. They were perched upon one of those Cairo settees which look like square chicken coops. One often sees these seats in the streets, placed for messengers and porters, and for some time I took them for actual chicken coops, and wondered why they were always empty. Chickens might well have inhabited the one used by the chess players, for the central court upon which all these chambers opened was covered with a layer of rubbish and dirt several inches thick, which contained many of their feathers. —Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Renting Bibles.

The popular impression that every family possesses a Bible as well as a dictionary and a copy of Shakespeare, like many other popular impressions, seems to be an erroneous one, for there is in town a firm that makes a business of renting out Bibles of an expensive and handsome kind, suitable to hand to a bishop or fashionable clergyman on the occasion of a christening, wedding or funeral in the family. It on the occasion of these religious episodes in the family the high church dignitary should turn to the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments he would find them devoid of genealogical records, to the consternation of the family. A deposit is demanded when the Bible is hired, and a charge of two dollars a night is the regular price.—New York Sun.

Authors' Words.

A statistician in Paris has the patience to count the number of words employed by the most celebrated writers. The works of Corneille do not contain more than 7,000 different words, and those of Moliere 8,000. Shakespeare, the most fertile and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words; Voltaire and Goethe employ 20,000. "Paradise Lost" only contains 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.—Cor. Baltimore American.

Taught a Lesson.

The folly of flirting with strange young men is cruelly plain to a girl who works in a local dry goods store, where every clerk has read a letter she wrote to a Worcester young man, who gave a fictitious name and address. The envelope contained the firm name in the corner, and when it was sent back unclaimed the letter had to go the rounds to find the writer.—Springfield Homestead.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 155 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 639 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 26th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, C.S.S.R., pastor. Residence 706 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 926 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 165 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Beemans, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 98 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Pischer pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 697 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 8 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Bibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. H. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McGhane, pastor; Residence 351 S Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor Residence 78 Cypress st

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackett, F S; Dr G C Symon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh F Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daldel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; B F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 176 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry B Newson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 944 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Schiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, [illegible]

St. Thomas Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knehlmann, F S; Geo Demilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Parley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1088 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 6433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E D Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 29 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Knoura, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 761 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 3 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph r Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawteah, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 5 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 575 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M McCahell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jos P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Passy, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Postal hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 2127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3197 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 595 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Marsch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Bellea, F S; Frank Pioh Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3617 Emerald av; C Hierzbech, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciand, C R, 434 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 76 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Wissady, F S; M Jacquet, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Co. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jamison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beshant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E Washington st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

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County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 496 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

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Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V. P.; Thomas Feenby, Rec. Sec. 1041 W. Eighteenth st; Edward O Neill, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 3217 Wentworth-av; John Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3926 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 120 Van Buren-st.; Martin Walsh, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2962 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st, the second Sunday each months at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 337 Michigan st; James F. Lark, V. P.; James Kielly, Rec. Sec.; 238 Elm st; F. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Lunnan, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; E A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Sigesmund's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 80 Emerson av.; V. P., D Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

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Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3845 Parnell av; V-P, W. J. Hynes; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 469 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell, Treas. Charles Lynch Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3740 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 23—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av, V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 280, Pullman; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec. James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas. Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m. in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 2812 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1065 51st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

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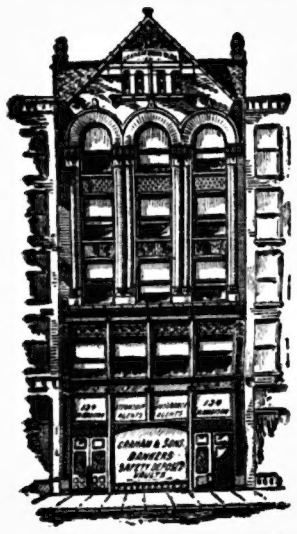

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JAMES W. GRIFFIN.

On His Mind.

Pat was a hodcarrier. Long practice had made him an expert at threading the mazes of unfinished buildings, but it had also made him somewhat careless in his movements.

He had just stepped from a ladder to one of the landings, and after setting down his load of bricks with a sigh of relief, he straightened up. Whack! his head came smartly in contact with a heavy beam.

When the foreman passed, a few minutes after, he saw Pat sitting on a keg, holding his head in both hands.

"Hullo, Pat," he called. "What's on your mind?"

"The whole top av me head, sir. Oh my! Oh my!"—Youth's Companion.

Sorry for God.

A little girl on being asked by her mother whether she was not glad to hear that an old friend of whom she was very fond had recovered from a dangerous illness, replied, "Yes, of course I'm glad, but still I'm sorry for God not to have his own way sometimes."—London Truth.

A Pretty Tight Squeeze.

Angeline—Oh, mamma, Algernon squeezed my hand so tonight that I almost cried.

Mamma—What, my child, from pain?

Angeline—No, mamma, from joy.—Texas Siftings

City Marshal Taylor of Sharpsburg, Ky., was fatally shot by a negro he was trying to arrest.

The Belgium government now asks 20,000 francs for permission to give hypnotic performances. Doctors may make experiments in the interest of science, but the theatrical practitioner will have to pay high.

The Hebrew transportation fund raised by citizens of New York is now nearly $74,000.

There are three families in Eaton Rapids, Mich., who are putting to blush the statement that the native born population of the United States is decreasing. Their children number respectively nineteen, fourteen and ten.

Charles McGlasson was fined $800 at Oskaloosa, Ia., for selling liquor.

Watertown, Mo., proposes to contribute a carload of flour to the starving Russians.

William Jackson of Ellsworth, Me., has lost six wives within the last fifty-five years, the last having died a few weeks since.

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Attorneys.

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ESTATE OF LUCINDA RELYEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 15, 1891.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. To the January Term, A. D. 1892. Clara M. Newman, Conservator of the estate of Jay C. Newman, an insane person, vs. Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, William A. Bond, Louis Newman, and Mathew Laflin.

Notice is hereby given to Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, Mathew Laflin, William A. Bond, and Louis Newman, the defendants above named and to all whom it may concern, that the said petitioner, Clara M. Newman, Conservator of the estate of Jay C. Newman, an insane person, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the following real estate belonging to the estate of said Jay C. Newman, and described as follows, to-wit: An undivided one half interest in Lots Three and Four, Block One, in Mathew Laflin's Subdivision of Lots One and Twenty, in Lavina and Companies Subdivision of the Garden and Cottage Lots of the South Quarter of the North East Quarter of Section Ten, Township Thirty-eight, North Range Fourteen, East of the Third Principal Meridian, Hyde Park, Cook County, State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the January Term A. D. 1892, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County. Affidavit of the non-residence of Louis Newman has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court of Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, Mathew Laflin, William A. Bond, and Louis Newman shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said County, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of January, 1892, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition. ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.

Wing, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioner, Clara M. Newman, Conservator of Jay C. Newman, an insane person.

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No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

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